

THE

WESTERN

Provincial Library Dec 04

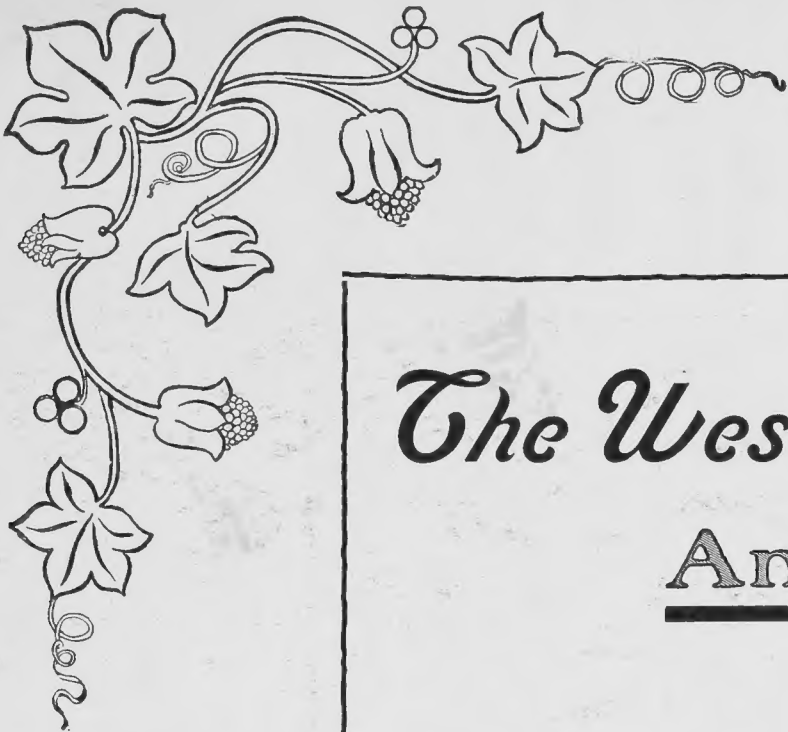
HOME MONTHLY

NOVEMBER

1903



THE ONLY ILLUSTRATED HOME PAPER OF WESTERN CANADA.



See Page 21.

The Western Home Monthly

Announcement



The Western Home Monthly appears in enlarged form, and it is hoped that the enlargement may meet with the approval that is looked for. Our efforts in the past have met with such favor that we decided upon extension, and now the paper appears in new form. The pages have been lengthened somewhat and the number run up to twenty-four. This, with the addition of a cover, gives a paper nearly twice as large as it has hitherto been.

Paper and Ink.

Good book paper has been substituted for the news, and the cover from this on will be printed in two colors, with a new design on the front each issue. Better ink will also be used, so that the press work will be superior.

Amplly Illustrated.

As will be observed, we are enabled to give more illustrations and these will be of a much better nature than formerly. To this end, we ask the co-operation of all subscribers. Photographs (amateur or otherwise) will be received with pleasure and paid for according to value. With each photograph there should be a short sketch of what it pictures, etc.

The Western Home Monthly has for some time been the only illustrated family paper printed in the Canadian West—a distinction which is of considerable moment. With the step in advance now made it is more than ever THE illustrated paper of the West.

The Departments.

In the past we have made the story department a special feature and this will be continued. Short original stories by local writers will appear. Contributions along this line will be gladly received, and, upon approval, remuneration will be made.

The various departments that have appeared in the past will be continued, and from time to time these will be added to, giving The Western Home Monthly increased merit, and more value to the homes of the West.

Special Articles.

In addition to our regular departments, we are making arrangements for a number of special articles upon timely and interesting topics. These will be in the hands of specialists, our aim being to give only such articles as carry authority with them. Many of these we hope to have illustrated, so that they may be of greater value along the line of instruction.

Twelve Additional Pages.
Increase in Size of Pages.
Printed on Book Paper.
Printed with Better Ink.
Colored Cover.
More Illustrations.
New Departments.
Special Articles.

Any of these improvements would be a good step forward if made during the twelvemonth, but their introduction has been made at one time, and thus the paper is placed in the front rank at once.

At any time it will give us pleasure to receive suggestions, from young or old, for the further improvement of Western Canada's Illustrated Family Paper, and thus increase its usefulness.

A Valuable Premium.

In addition to all the improvements mentioned, we are giving a valuable premium, which in itself is worth more than the price of subscription. In the advertisement on page 19 there appears our clubbing offers and on

page 21 is notice regarding the FREE GIFT to subscribers. It is a book called The Farmer's Business Guide, and is edited by a lawyer of considerable repute along matters of law for the farmer. The ability of the editor gives it value and enables us to place a work before the public carrying authority with it.

A distinctive advantage which the work will carry with it is the fact that it will not reach our subscribers second hand—that is, as a work gotten out at some distant point with a little matter of local interest added and the whole pawned off upon the public as of special local advantage. The Business Guide is being compiled by a Western lawyer of good standing, who is editing it from a Western standpoint. The printing will all be done upon the premises of The Stovel Co., who are printers for the Home Publishing Co., and who are now largely interested in our company. From this it will be seen that it will be a Western Farmer's Business Guide, edited by a Westerner, printed by Westerners and issued direct to the Western public.

The price of The Guide is \$1, but subscribers to The Western Home Monthly get it, The Monthly, and almost any weekly newspaper called for, for the sum of \$1.25.

To Advertisers.

The improvements undertaken should prove of decided advantage to our advertisers. At present there is no other publication in the West reaching a greater number of homes than The Western Home Monthly, and the enlargement of the paper will have tendency to call for its introduction to a still greater number of families. In this way it will be more than ever a very efficient medium through which to talk to the public.

SUBSCRIBE FOR WESTERN CANADA'S
ILLUSTRATED HOME MONTHLY.

The Home Publishing Company,

Stovel Building, Winnipeg, Man.



See page 9 for Unprecedented Offer.

See page 19 for Our Clubbing Offers.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. IV. No. 11.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1903.

PRICE } 5c. per copy.
50c. per year.

- A Robber for One Night -



WHEN a coal company, backed by large capital, offered Amos Drake one hundred dollars an acre for his Kansas farm of three hundred acres, he pulled his stubby beard

to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Thirty thousand dollars seemed to him a fabulous fortune. He had been a stranger to even comfortable circumstances during the five years that he had lived there with his wife and pretty daughter, Elma. The products of his farming had barely supported them and paid the taxes.

The coal company, however, knew what it was doing when it made Amos Drake that offer. It had had men drilling in various places in the neighborhood all summer, and rich deposits of coal had been discovered underlying the country for a radius of ten miles. But the deepest veins were located on Amos Drake's land.

After consulting a few minutes with his wife he closed with the company's liberal offer. The money would be ready for him on the following Thursday in the leading bank at the town of C—, about fifteen miles distant from the neighborhood.

Before Thursday came Amos and his wife had laid their future plans. Amos had rather preferred going to C— and setting up in some kind of important business, but Mrs. Drake had overruled this ambition. She declared that they must return to the Ohio town where she had been raised, so that she could show her old neighbors how folks with plenty of money could make a great stir and put on style. So Amos had yielded to her wishes.

"And, looky here, Amos," said Mrs. Drake, giving her ample shoulders a prideful shrug, "we've got to break off Elmy's engagement with Dick Stoner. I mean for Elmy to be somebody, now we've got money. She must wear silk and learn to play the pianny."

"Of course," returned her husband, "but I like Dick, and maybe Elmy might do worse."

"Do worse!" cried his wife indignantly. "You must be crazy, Amos Drake. Why, we're rich now, and Dick Stoner is only a poor ranchman, with a mortgage on his cattle at that. I tell you the engagement has got to be broke off!"

"I guess you're right, Sary," said the old man, absorbing some of his wife's suddenly assumed aristocracy. "A poor cattleman as a son-in-law wouldn't boost us up in s'ciety much back East, and wouldn't make things look con—gruous."

"Now you're becomin' sensible, Amos. Of course it wouldn't be con—con—" but the new word was too much for her. Giving her head a dis-

dainful toss, however, she went on: "I mean for Elmy to go clear up to the topnotch of s'ciety, now we're rich! A poor ranchman, indeed! Why, now she's a heiress she can ketch a banker or some rich feller, like herself."

"Who's goin' ter tell Dick?"

"Why, you, to be sure. You can go that way Thursday and tell him."

"I suppose I can," said Amos. "You'll tell Elmy that it wouldn't be congruous now we've got money."

Dick, she never once thought of rebelling against the authority of her parents. But she went to her room and had a long cry.

"I don't see the use of being stuck up over thirty thousand dollars," she said, after wiping her eyes. "Dick's worth a million times more than that, if he is poor. He's just as good as he can be. He mortgaged his cattle to pay a note which the bank held against his father, so that the old home need

man, with clear dark eyes and a manly countenance.

"Good evening, Elma," he greeted her, reining in by the side of the girl's pony. "I saw you from across the ravine, and came over to ride home with you."

"You'd better not, Dick," returned the girl, with flushed face and drooping eyes.

"Better not? What do you mean, Elma?" he demanded, looking curiously at her. Was she trying to play with him?

"I may as well tell you now, Dick, and have it over," she said, sighing deeply.

So with a quaver in her low voice she told him of the change in her parents' fortune, and that they required her to give him up.

Dick listened in silence till she had finished. Then he asked:

"Do you care for the money, Elma?"

"I despise it," she answered, with unusual spirit.

"Then you do love me yet?" eagerly, his hand imprisoning hers that gently stroked the pony's mane.

"You know I do, Dick," she replied bravely.

"Then why let that miserable money part us?"

"I should never be happy even with you, Dick, if I disobeyed my parents," she answered him.

"Well, I shall not give you up so easily as that," he declared.

Then he rode most of the way home with her.

When Thursday came there was great bustle at the Drake dwelling, getting Amos ready for his two important missions: To ride by young Stoner's ranch and dismiss him, then on to C— to the bank to draw the \$30,000.

"Will you get it all today?" asked Mrs. Drake, as she vigorously brushed the cobwebs off her husband's best coat, never worn since they had come West.

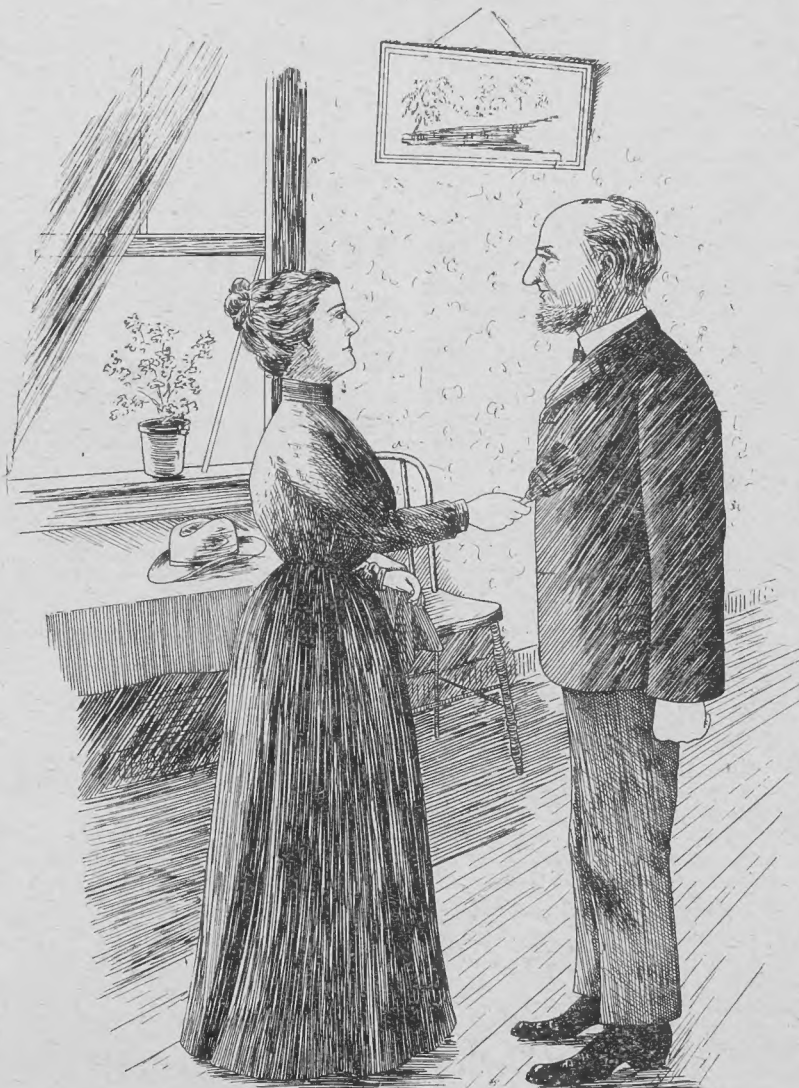
"Of course," he answered. "I'll not trust a cent of my money in them banks. You can't tell how soon the best of them may burst up an' the cashier skip out with his hands full."

"You best be careful, Amos," she cautioned him, as she saddled old Bob, preparatory to starting. "The country's full o' robbers, an' you have that timber to come through, an' the days are short now."

"Sary," he said, a little severely, "do I look like a man that could be held up on the highway? Nobody knows I'm goin' after money, an' if they did I'd not be afraid."

Mr. Drake found Dick Stoner busy at his cattle pens, but calling him aside he soon explained to the young man the object of his visit.

"Here," he finished, fishing from his pocket a package which he gave to Dick, "these are the notes an' trinkets you've give our Elmy. I ain't nothin' agin you, Dick, but Sary's got



"SARY, DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN THAT COULD BE HELD UP?"

Mrs. Drake did not attempt the word this time. But she said very emphatically:

"I will tell her, and she's got to mind, too."

Then she went immediately to Elma and told her now that she was the daughter of "rich parents" she must break her engagement with young Stoner.

The girl was naturally obedient and submissive, and, much as she loved

not be taken from his parents. Oh, dear!" with a sigh. "It's very uncomfortable to have money, when it makes one so unhappy."

Then putting on her hat and riding habit, she mounted her pony and went for a gallop over the prairie.

After two hours spent in this refreshing exercise, she turned her pony toward home. As she did so a horseman rapidly approached her from across a ravine in an opposite direction. The rider was a well-built young

big ambitions for the girl, an' you're sensible an' can see that in our changed circumstances it wouldn't be congruous for you an' Elmy to marry. You're both young an' will get over it. I must be ridin' now, for it'll be dark before I can get home, an' with all that money Sary will begin packin' up tomorrow an' 'bout Monday we'll start East. You can come over an' say good-by.

Then Amos Drake rode on toward C—to get his money.

"How money does puff some folks up!" said Dick to himself, as he gazed after the old man. "But Elma isn't a bit stuck up over it. Going after his money, is he?" Then he broke off with a sudden laugh. "It's a daring thing, but I'll do it! Everything's fair in love and war."

The superintendent of the coal company was present at the bank to identify the old farmer. As the big bills were counted out to him he put them in an old bill book, which he pushed far down into one of his capacious coarse boots. Then buying a few soda crackers to munch on, he again mounted old Bob and started homeward.

Every few minutes, as he rode, he would reach down with one hand to reassure himself time and again that the bill book, with its precious contents, was still safe in his bootleg.

It was quite dark when he reached the timber skirting a stream about four miles from his home.

Suddenly a horseman dashed out of the dark woods to the left, and, grasping old Bob by the bridle rein, said in a gruff voice: "Throw up your paws, old feller, and don't you make a sound if you value your hide!"

It was too dark for Amos to see the face of the man, but he heard distinctly what sounded to him like the ominous click of a revolver. The old farmer forgot all about the bravery of which he had boasted to his wife in the morning.

"Where's that money?" demanded the robber. "Hand it over, quick."

Dear as was that money to Amos Drake, his life was dearer. Shaking from head to foot, he took the bill book from its hiding place and handed it to the robber.

After ascertaining that the bills were in the book, the bold highwayman went through Amos' pockets to make sure that he was holding no treasure back. Then he rode rapidly away in the darkness.

It was several minutes before Amos Drake recovered from the terrible shock of the sudden "holdup."

If he had had a weapon about him, he might have sped madly after the fleeing robber. But even his knife was in the pocket of his every-day trousers at home. He was in a lonely, unsettled part of the country. The nearest house was more than two miles away, and that was Dick Stoner's ranch.

"I'll get Dick to help me," he cried, prodding old Bob's sides with his heels.

He had succeeded in getting the old farm animal into a trot, when he caught the swift clatter of hoofs on the road beside him. The next moment Dick Stoner himself rode up and reined in beside old Bob.

In an excited voice the old farmer related to Dick how he had been robbed of his money.

When he had finished the young ranchman remarked that he had heard some one dashing through the woods off to the left.

"That's him! That's him!" excitedly cried the old man.

"I believe I could ride him down without any trouble," said Dick, not manifesting any agitation over the robbery. "Clipper here is the fastest horse in the country."

"If you'll ketch that thief, Dick, an' bring me back my money, I'll give you a thousand of it!" generously offered Amos Drake.

"I don't want your money, Mr. Drake," returned Dick: "but if you'll make the prize Elma, I'll pledge you my word to restore every dollar of your money before ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Bring me back my money, and you shall have Elmy, in spite of all the ole woman's ambitions," he promised. "Huh! What's them ambitions worth

when our fortune's lost?" he added, bitterly.

"I shall hold you to your promise, Amos Drake," said Dick, grasping the farmer's hand. "Now ride home and tell your wife of your loss and of this compact with me. Your horse is too old and slow to help track a slick chap like that. Don't worry, though, for I am as sure that Clipper and I shall save your money for you as the sun will shine in the morning. If I need them I can rouse up the neighbors, and get officers from town. But you'll see that I shall not need them."

Somehow the young ranchman's faith in his own ability to trap the robber imparted itself to Amos Drake,



Camp Scene on the C. N. R.

and he rode on home, having few fears that Dick would fail to appear in the morning with the restored money.

Of course there was a scene when he reached home and told his wife of the robbery. She called him an old fool, and wished that she had gone herself after the money. She declared that the Drakes always were "chuckle-heads." Then she gave way to a flood of angry tears, vowing that she knew Dick Stoner would no more be able to bring back the stolen money than the man in the moon.

But early next morning Dick did come, and every dollar of the Drake money was in his pocket! As he gave the fat bill book into Amos' hand he told the family that he had recovered the money without a shot by promising not to reveal the identity of the robber.

To Elma, however, he made a full revelation. She laughingly forgave him, as he had been fully justified in playing the part of a robber for one night only.

Curious Facts

The world's population is increasing about 500,000,000 a century.

Ore is now loaded into lake schooners at the rate of 7,000 tons an hour.

The United States uses nearly a third more coffee than the rest of the world put together.

More than a million dollars' worth is taken out of the copper mines at Butte, Mont., every week.

The tight-fitting British uniform is alleged to be the cause of much heart disease among soldiers.

It is estimated persons seeking divorce in South Dakota spend, while gaining residence for that purpose, \$900,000 a year.

The people of the United States consumed during last year 1,498,910,304 gallons of coffee and 1,381,875,347 gallons of beer.

Galileo's first telescope was made from part of a lead water pipe in each end of which he cemented common spectacle glasses.

Henry Clews, perfectly bald, was once traveling on a western railroad. Sitting directly behind him was a coarse looking man with a rough shock of hair the color of brick dust.

Tapping Mr. Clews on the shoulder, the fellow remarked—

"Guess you wasn't around when they gave out the hair."

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "but I was a trifle late, and there was nothing left but that stuff you wear, so I told them I'd rather have none."

She said: "I think that kissing's foolish, don't you?"

He said: "Well, there certainly is foolishness connected with it."

They looked earnestly at each other a little while, and then she giggled about a bit and said: "Oh, dear! I feel so foolish this evening."

Schoolmaster: "Now, can you tell me what the earth's axis is?"

Pupil: "Yes, sir—it is as imaginary line drawn through the centre of the earth, and on which it revolves."

"That's very good! Could you hang a towel on the line as it revolves?"

"Yes, sir—an imaginary one."

Drunkards Cured Secretly

Free Package of the Only Successful Cure Known for Drunkenness Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.



A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1048 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food.

Mrs. Harry Burnside says "With Golden Specific I cured my husband of drinking. I put it into his coffee and after that he couldn't drink liquor or beer to be around where it was."

When writing advertisers please mention this paper.

Have something to say; say it; and stop when you've done.—Tryon Edwards.

People like to have you confide in them. Frankness is a great uniter of purse strings.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—Steele.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen floor pour cold water upon it at once. This will harden it and prevent its soaking into the boards.

The tender leaves and small ends of the stalks of celery should never be thrown away. If dried they are found excellent for flavoring soups.

A lawyer was cross-questioning an Irish woman, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, etc., in a house in which a certain transaction had occurred. "And, now, my good woman," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?" "How do the stairs run?" the witness replied. "Shure, whin I am upstairs they run down, and whin I am down stairs they run up."—Ram's Horn.

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED DOLL FREE.



Girls, would you like to have the prettiest Doll in the world for your very own? If so, send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid, 8 large beautifully Colored Pictures, each 16x20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record" and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a Free Certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return the money, and we will immediately send you the most beautiful doll you have ever seen. Dolly is

21 INCHES HIGH. as big as a real baby, and has the loveliest long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful dark eyes, rosy cheeks and movable head, arms and legs, so that you can put her in any position you wish. Her handsome dress has an elegantly tucked white yoke ornamented with diamond set gold buttons, and is trimmed with beautiful bows of satin ribbon edged with lace and very full fine white ruching, which is draped around the yoke in the latest style. A very large hat ornamented with gold buckles and trimmed with an immense white imitation Ostrich feather completes her costume. Dolly has also lovely underwear, all trimmed with elegant lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. The picture shown here is an exact photograph of Dolly herself, but of course the real doll is much prettier than her picture, because we cannot show the lovely colors of her dress nor her beautiful eyes and hair in a photograph. We know when you see her you will say she is the most beautiful doll you have ever seen. Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville, Ave., Toronto, writes: "My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her. I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, remember this is the biggest, the most beautiful and the best dressed Doll ever advertised by any Company. There is nothing cheap about it from its head to its feet. You could not buy it at any store for less than \$2.00 cash, and we want to give it to you absolutely free for selling only 8 Pictures. Could anything be easier? May Bruce, Hayesville, N.B., writes: "I sold all the Pictures in a few minutes. They went like wildfire. Everybody said they were the nicest Pictures ever sold for 25c." Miss Cooper, Oak River, Ont., writes: "I called on 5 people and in about 15 minutes every one was sold. I could have sold many more if I had had them. They went like hot cakes. Everyone said, 'Oh! what beautiful Pictures how much are they?' and when I answered 25c., they said, 'Why, you are almost giving them away.'" Write us a Post Card to-day, and this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a few days. We don't want one cent of your money and we allow you to keep on money to pay your postage. Colonial Art Co., Dept. 3123 Toronto.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Elizabeth Anna and the Prize.



LIZABETH ANNA is my wife. We have lived peaceably together for twelve years with the exception—but, there, I must not tell that just yet. She says that I could not write a story and I know that to be painfully true. However, I think I usually succeed in making myself understood and I hope to do so in relating the facts I have in mind.

Elizabeth Anna is not very strong, physically strong, I mean; she is very strong mentally and is far my superior in that respect, but I make up for it physically, for I have to toil daily with my muscles. I am a blacksmith. I have always made a good living, at least I thought so until lately. I own my shop and all the necessary appliances for my work, and we live in a six-roomed cottage near by, which has been paid for within the past two years. As we have only two children, a boy and a girl, I thought we were not crowded in our cosy little house. I tell you all this, so that you may better understand the situation.

One day about eight months ago, Elizabeth Anna saw an advertisement in one of our periodicals. It is one of her fads to read the advertisements and answer a great many of them. That advertisement is responsible for all that has happened at our house since. "See this, John," she said to me in the evening, handing me the paper.

I read it and said, "Well?" "I am going to try for one of those prizes. I feel sure I can write a story. I have always wanted to be the author of something published in a magazine and here is my chance to try," said Elizabeth Anna, enthusiastically.

"Go ahead," said I. "I'd be glad for you to win the \$500. I should like to enlarge the shop and hire some more men, and that money would help me wonderfully."

"Oh, but, John, I want the money myself."

"And you wouldn't divide with me?" said I teasingly, picking up the paper to read.

"Well, I might give you some of it," but there's a lot of things I want that that money would buy."

I knew then for the first time that I was not doing as well as Elizabeth Anna wished.

When my wife sets her head, it generally stays set. It staid set this time. For four months her time, her attention, her talents, everything was bent in the direction of the coveted prize.

She wrote that night to the publishers who had advertised for short stories, offering various amounts as prizes to the persons sending in the best. I laughed (to myself, for Elizabeth Anna does not like to be laughed at) when she handed me the letter next morning to mail.

Now, Elizabeth Anna never had written a story, to my knowledge. She has a good common school education, having graduated at our village high school three years before our marriage. To be sure, she belongs to a literary club, of which she has been president once or twice; but essays written for village literary clubs and stories written for the criticizing eyes of the public are two separate and distinct things. Why she should suddenly feel the fluttering of literary wings I cannot understand.

The night after Elizabeth Anna received her circular I awakened somewhere about midnight and found her sitting by the fire, a big atlas on her lap and writing away in a large blank book, her feet in the washbowl and a bandage on her head.

"Why, my dear, are you sick?" said I, springing out of bed so suddenly that I knocked over a large rocking

chair, frightening Elizabeth Anna so much that she tipped the bowl over, spilling the water on the carpet and rug.

"John Eddington Marshall, why do you frighten me so? You have made me ruin the carpet and besides I had such a splendid idea and now it is gone and I know I can never think of it again," said my wife severely.

"But," I insisted, "are you sick? Why did you have your feet in that bowl and why this bandage on your head?"

"No, I am not sick. I put my feet in hot water to keep them warm and a cold bandage on my head to keep my brain cool while I write. I have heard that some famous author always did so, therefore I tried it. Now, do go back to bed and let me find my lost idea. Elizabeth Anna's tone had not lost any of its severity.

"I'll help you find it in the morning," said I. "Don't you think you have written enough to-night? You must not overtax yourself or you might not be able to finish what you have commenced." She yielded and I had no more trouble that night.

Previously Elizabeth Anna had been a marvel of neatness in housekeeping, and the envy of her neighbors in the art of dress, both for herself and the children. I say it with pride, that she can make the most taking garments out of little odds and ends saved from time to time. It is her talent. But she became so absorbed in her plots and their development that her household duties were neglected, dust lay undisturbed on the kitchen shelves and parlor furniture alike. Meals were cooked in the quickest time possible and her sewing machine might have gone off on a vacation.

I admit that sometimes I am forgetful or careless, just as you please to call it. I now walked into the house, often tracking mud over the kitchen floor, without receiving the slightest



"SHE LED THE WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE."

admonition, for which, of course, I was truly thankful. Little Olive's long, beautiful curls were often hastily combed, or worse still, entirely neglected, for which I was not truly thankful. Life in general began to be a burden and I suggested to Elizabeth Anna that we hire a girl until her story was finished. She would not listen to it, saying: "When I have won the prize and proved my talent we will keep a girl. I shall have a room added to the house and furnish it for a study, where I can devote my time to my writing, undisturbed."

Visions and dreams haunted Elizabeth Anna, making her mental horizon bright with their scintillations and changing the color of all her future.

"Are you writing a long story?" I ventured to ask one evening.

"Oh, I've written several, John, and I should like to read them to you if you would be pleased to hear them."

I assured her that I hoped to be pleased, but, alas, how I did offend her! Before she had read half the first one I had dozed repeatedly in my



FREE!

Ladies and Girls,
You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid 8 large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Bookers, Rossberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for \$3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is \$3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any \$10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furrers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf will not cost you one cent. Address THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 3126 Toronto.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

chair, though she did not discover it, as my back was toward her; I did not fare so well as she finished it, for, unfortunately, I snored.

"John Eddington Marshall, I do believe you are asleep," said Elizabeth Anna, coming around where she could see me.

"Oh, no, my dear, I am not," said I, sitting up very straight.

"No, but you were. If I did not want your opinion I would not read another word. Now, do please listen while I read this time."

I promised, and kept my word. I stood up, part of the time on one foot, so that I could not possibly go to sleep.

"What do you think of it?" said she when she had finished.

"Well, I said, hesitatingly, "do you want my candid opinion?" "Certainly."

"I—I'm afraid it lacks point or something of that sort. I don't know just what editors would call it. I guess you haven't heated it enough, or else you didn't beat it hard enough when it was on the anvil. You'll have to apply the bellows again."

"Do you mean that I ought to re-write it?"

"I think it needs a little more hammering," said I.

"I just think you are mean and you don't know how to judge a story," said Elizabeth Anna icily. I had thought I could detect tears in her voice.

In my inmost heart I was sorry. But though I may be no judge of classical literature, I do know when a story appeals to the heart. My wife's story did not appeal to any emotion I possessed. Perhaps I am not emotional.

She did not read me any more stories and no amount of persuading could induce her to let me read them. From that time forth she was cool to me and sometimes short. I am a patient man. I endured it for weeks, when I lost my patience and peace fled from our domicile.

At last the time came when her manuscript was ready for the publishers. She had written five stories and selected the one she considered the best, though I did not know this till afterwards. She refused my offer to mail it.

"I suppose you would like to apply the bellows to it, wouldn't you?" she asked with scorn.

"Oh, no. Truly, I wish you may be successful," said I. "Send your manuscript and let us be happy once more."

In the weeks that followed I was sorry for Elizabeth Anna, and I tried to show her I was. I did not track in any mud, nor forget to provide kindling, coal and water for the kitchen. In numberless little ways I again won her good opinion of me.

At first so confident was she that

one of the prizes would be hers that she spent a snug little sum of money she had laid away for the sole purpose of taking the children with her to visit a beloved sister in a distant state. A new carpet replaced the one in the sitting room, and many little ornaments found their way into various parts of the house. The most expensive article bought at this time was a handsome bookcase and writing desk combined. I have often secretly wondered if Elizabeth Anna hoped she would eventually write books to adorn these shelves.

"I'll replace the money, John, when I hear from my story," she said, and I did not have the heart to deny her.

But the days stretched into weeks and I noticed that as hope began to die in Elizabeth Anna's heart, she toiled the harder—beyond her strength I knew, and finally was obliged to call a halt. Work and pay in the shop had been on the increase and on the day that the returned manuscript came I had the pleasure of handing Elizabeth Anna a check on the bank for \$100.

Tears sprang to her eyes and without a word she left the room, returning soon with an armful of manuscripts neatly and closely written.

"Come with me, John," she said. I followed wondering.

She led the way out of the house, across the garden and into the shop, then turning, she said, "I'm going to apply the bellows."

"Don't do it. I did not mean it literally."

"But I mean it literally," and suiting the action to the words, she stepped to the forge.

"Wait a moment," said I, "if you will burn them, 'let me use their heat in making you a little keepsake.'" I threw on a little coal and she laid the precious manuscripts on top. I took a small bit of iron, and, heating it, soon beat it into the shape of a little anchor.

"That means the ship is at rest after the storm, doesn't it?" said she, smiling.

It hangs just over the mantel in our little sitting room and Elizabeth Anna says when she is tempted to be a big simpleton she looks at the anchor and it restrains her.



Lovely Complexion FREE.

A Trial Package Mailed FREE which will give any lady a beautiful complexion. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, but is absolutely pure and you can use it privately at home. It permanently removes moth patches, redness, crow's feet, pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, sunburn, and all complexion disfigurements. Address, MADAME M. RIBAUULT, 5388 Elsa Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Mrs. Bellman's Party



MRS. BELLMAN.

AT last the date was set for the long-expected social. Everybody had been wondering when it really would come off. It had been the talk of the settlement for some time. The young people of the Bellman household had been invited and had attended every gathering that winter for miles around, and had frequently given cause for great expectations by alluding to the time "when we have our social."

It must not be supposed that parties are of rare occurrence in Snowflake Settlement. But there are socials and socials. A squib affair is the product of an impulse and gotten up on a moment's notice. The people are gathered in the school house for some particular purpose. It may be the regular meeting of the Literary Society, a choir practice, or a funeral sermon. Everybody is there, for everybody attends everything (that is free) at Snowflake Settlement. Perhaps Susy Smith smiles at Billy Jones. (Billy has been shying around Susy lately). He is greatly elated and encouraged. He is not satisfied with one smile; he wants other tokens of favor. He holds a hurried consultation with some one near him, and when the "meetin' is out" all has been arranged satisfactorily and "a social is on" at one of the nearest available houses. If that should happen to be a car-roof shack, with only a curtain separating the one living room from the sleeping shelves at the one end, the men take extra time in putting away their horses to allow the mother and children, who have not been at the school house, to be lifted from their berths and properly robed. Sometimes it happens that one of the invading party has to drive to a neighbor's to borrow coal oil, or an extra loaf of bread to feed the hungry travelers. But the good society of Snowflake generally look with marked disfavor upon squibs of this nature, though it must be admitted that they do not seem to be any the less frequent on this account.

The genuine party, however, occurs only once or twice during the season. (There are four seasons in the year.) They are the great events of Snowflake Settlement. The history of the settlement, social and domestic, is dated by these red letter days.

The Bellman house had a large kitchen and was therefore the beau ideal of lovers of terpsichorean art as it is understood in the country. When there is a party in this settlement, it is a party that is expected, and nothing else. No furbishings, no gildings are needed; a large room with solid floors, and a substantial lunch, are the essentials. The night is short, and all too short to allow any trivialities to interfere with the one great purpose. Tapestried walls, waxed floors, white linen and dainty spread suppers are innovations that would not be tolerated, not to say appreciated. The lunch served with coffee and tea must be such as would sustain the strength of a threshing gang. On such occasions there is no time even for the mutual exchange of those little tokens of affection between young people which was the proper and delightful custom in the less hurried days of long ago. They are now reserved for Sunday nights, when the youthful rustic "Takes his best girl home" from church and "sits her up." As for the decorations, they are considered good enough for city folk where the young people have no constitutions and cannot endure a time of more than an hour or two. But nothing of that kind exists at Snowflake.

"You know pa's awfully set against our young folks having a party," said Mrs. Bellman in a confidential talk with a friend, "but, as I says, our ones have been to so many parties that we can't very well get out of it. But there always seem something in the way, just one thing after another, and, as I say, it will always be the same, and, I says to Mary Ellen, when we have enough lard saved to do the bakin' we'll just have it, and have it over for onct."

The invitations were sent out in the most approved fashion. Tommy, the son, jumped on the old pony's back and galloped round to the houses of those who were to be favored. He was all excitement and lost no time in performing his duty. I was at the stable finishing up my night chores when he galloped up and before the pony had stopped he shouted: "Say, we're goin' to have a party tomorrow night; will yez come?"

"My brief, but expressive, 'You bet,' was accepted as the necessary R.S.V.P. He wheeled and was off again, shouting as he went, 'Goin' to have a big time.'"

Meanwhile Mrs. Bellman and her daughters had been busy at home. That ingredient, the supply of which had been such an important factor in fixing the date of the party, was duly worked into pies and cakes galore, by Mrs. Bellman, while the daughters had scrubbed and washed and ironed, arranging the rooms up-stairs so that in them the people might "lay off their



ONE OF THE FIDDLERS.

things." Mr. Bellman had his work cut out too, and considering the fact that he was not out-and-out in favor of the affair he did remarkably well. His share was to clean out the summer kitchen, fasten up the doors and windows so that the big kitchen stove might be shifted into it after the guests had begun to arrive, thus leaving all the more room in the kitchen.

It was twenty below zero, and blowing a stiff gale. I started out early, so as to get stabling for my pony. Nothing will prevent people from turning out to a party. Already the stables were nearly full. The balance of the cattle were turned out to make room for the horses of the late arrivals.

Tommy, who is a man in years, with a diminutive, almost dwarfish body, and a boyish mind, could hardly repress himself while he stabled the horses. He wriggled here and there in great excitement, ripping out an occasional expletive in the most approved western style, for the delectation of his friends. In every wriggle, at every joint, he seemed to proclaim an uncontrollable desire to be already participating in the long-expected, long-deferred party "at our house." "Got two fiddlers and half a dozen callers-off and lots of girls," I overheard him say to a new arrival, which piece of information seemed to be received with the utmost satisfaction, as a sufficient guarantee that nothing was

lacking to fill the bowl of pleasure to the brim.

The house was already crowded. Two sets were on the floor, going rapidly through the vagaries which constitute a country dance, the participants maintaining the most serious faces, as if grimly determined to do their share in tiring out the "fiddlers" and "callers-off." The former, clutching their bows in the middle, galloped through nameless tunes of doubtful harmony, neck by neck, and croup by croup, while a lean little man with a cracked voice squealed out the different changes in a home-made tune, all the while deceiving himself with the impression that he was singing the same tune and in harmony with the violins. Around the walls were couples anxiously waiting their turn. The open stairway accommodated numerous spectators, while in the "front" room were young people who had already taken part in the fray, recuperating for another bout. What seemed so particularly odd was the fact that though everybody was apparently enjoying themselves, yet they all looked exceedingly sober and rarely indulged in conversation except of the most desultory character.

Formal introductions are almost wholly dispensed with on such occasions in Snowflake Settlement. The young men prance right up to the young ladies, whether they know them or not. Occasionally when guests from the town are present, the traditional custom is broken, and, after a great deal of persuasion, the young man from the town may induce some one to "run him through" the formality of an introduction to the ladies. To tell the truth, look with marked disfavor upon such unmistakable evidences of foppery.

At ten o'clock it was evident that the fiddlers were going to be outdone. They had been playing continually now for two and a half hours and still there were fresh dancers coming on the floor, every set, ready to make the most of every measure of music. By arrangement, one dropped off and the little, short man with a greasy face, stubby beard and hair not combed for a week, settled down for another hour's work, when he would be relieved by his companion. They were a most unmusical looking pair, but they were, nevertheless, professionals in their own peculiar line. The caller-off was fast running ashore for changes. He was relieved for a time by another professional gentleman, who in turn was succeeded by a tenderfoot. The tenderfoot made no pretense at following the tune of the music and called out nervously as though in doubt of being right, and then watched the couples, anxiously to see the results, like a draughtsman who moves his check and then keeps his finger on it to see the lie of the field. He got through the first set very well but growing too confident with success, he lost his bearing and succeeded in winding the dancers up in an inextricable tangle. For the first time in all the grim performance someone ventured to laugh, but others looked quite annoyed.



ONE OF THE WALLFLOWERS.

It might be supposed that, in such an unconventional gathering, everyone would feel so perfectly at ease, that they would join in active participation of the revelry. Not so, however. There were the usual number of "wall flowers," who looked with hungry eyes on those who were whirling through what must have seemed to them a perfect marvel of hazy evolutions. Like the poor, these peculiar wall decorations are always with us. They sit ranged round the walls or perched on the stairway, the silent critics of the forms divine and the mystic art. They drink it all in, with only a nod or a wink to show their approval or appreciation, but nothing escapes them;

they know everything that happens. Some of them have grown old in this peculiar service, but still their interest is unflagging. They are always in their place. Occasionally a younger member of the fraternity will bloom out unexpectedly. Screwing his courage up to the highest point he ventures in a square dance and getting through all right, as he could not help doing, he becomes intoxicated with his unexpected success. Delirious with newly found pleasure, he tries to get a place at every new opportunity. He has the courage to attempt even a waltz, and since the majority dance with equal inelegance, he succeeds remarkably well.

Lunch was served after midnight. Some divided up into little groups and appeared to appreciate the rest and refreshments, while others ate the viands with the bitter herbs of impatience.

"Oh, your sister is not here to-night?" I overheard a matronly dame inquire of a friend. "Well, I see Jack is here." (Jack is the sister's admirer). "Are they engaged yet?" "Well, — I — really — don't know (hesitatingly). "Oh, I think so; they have been sitting up now for goin' on six months." The conversation became so confidential,

(Continued on page 21.)



A TENDERFOOT.



A MATRONLY DAME.

Catarrh, Foul Breath

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit and There is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That is Catarrh.

Large Trial Package Mailed Free.

Any person having catarrh always has a bad breath. The sense of smell and taste are nearly always totally destroyed in time so that the person who has catarrh does not realize how loathsome their disease is. They con-



PROF. C. E. GAUSS—Discoverer of Certain Catarrh Cure and Mankind's Benefactor.

tinue their K'hawking-K'hawking and spitting and spitting about promiscuously until they are shunned by everyone, and the sight of them is enough to make a well person sick.

It gives wonderful relief, especially in those chronic cases where the mucus drops down the throat and lungs, sickening the stomach, and leads to many diseases, including consumption.

Catarrh is a deep-seated disease, and local applications, inhalations, sprays, ointments or salves will do no good. A large trial package that will convince you mailed free. Send name and address at once to C. E. Gauss, 1652 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Farmer Brown's Party.

CHAPTER I.

Farmer Brown had bought a phonograph. It was one of those machines that you speak into and hear your voice reproduced as many times as you care to wind up the machine.

It was a red-letter day in the Brown household when Old Brown brought the phonograph home. Tommy and Johnny, twin members of the Brown family and aged ten, had been worrying their fathers life out for a year or more over this same talking machine, but Brown senior could never bring himself up to the purchasing point.

"You must wait a bit longer, boys," he would say whenever his young hopefuls would begin talking phonograph to him, "I can't afford it yet; wait and see how this crop comes off and then we'll think about it. He would then fill and light his pipe and walk away muttering something about young folks nowadays always wanting something new. The twins would pout and sulk, and pass the remark that Billy Fitton's father, who lived near them, was no better off than them-

conveying the tea-cup to his mouth, dashed the cup out of his hand; and the hot tea pouring over Tommy's knees caused him to give out such a yell of mingled rage and pain that even the sound of the phonograph was drowned.

In his hurry to vacate his seat at the table he upset the chair on which sat the prime cause of all the rumpus, and the twins, with their chairs, all went to the floor together amid yells, shrieks and groans.

Now all this had happened so quickly that the other members of the family round the table, did not realize what had happened till the twins and the chairs, all mixed up together, lay on the floor.

Then Old Brown rose from his seat, reached for a strap which hung quite handy from a nail just above his head, and proceeded round to the other side of the table where lay the twins pounding and scratching each other.

Not knowing which one was the cause of the mischief, and not caring to take either one or the other's explana-

thankful when the day came round for Miss Spinner to return to her own home.

She was not happy unless finding fault with anything and everything about the place, and her sister and brother-in-law always made it a rule to count ten before speaking to her lest they should offend her in anything they might say. Very often they found that ten were not enough to count. They tolerated her though solely because she was wealthy and hinted once or twice that her sister, Mrs. Brown, would come in for her money. That was the reason why, whenever Miss Spinner was staying with them, she was practically the mistress of the house, Brown and his wife running here, there and everywhere at her bidding and never daring to contradict her in anything she might say. The twins, always boisterous and unruly at other times, lapsed into silence in their aunt's presence, although if they could play any pranks on her without her finding out who her tormentors were they were always ready to do so.

The day before the party Aunt Maria arrived, bringing with her a large box full of clothes, which showed that she intended to make a lengthened stay at the farm.

Brown, on catching sight of this box swore under his breath, and his better half sniffed and puckered up her lips in disgust, saying to her husband, out of her sister's hearing, of course, "Just like the old thing; I never saw such cheek, drat her."

There being very limited sleeping accommodation in the house, these visits of Aunt Maria's generally revolutionized the whole sleeping arrangements of the Browns; the twins usually being put into the parlor, whilst their aunt occupied their bedroom, which was directly over the parlor.

That night, when all the household, with the exception of the twins, were asleep, it suddenly struck Tommy that the phonograph was kept in the room where they were. This fact no sooner dawned on him than he communicated it to his brother twin, who at once proposed winding up the machine, a proposal no sooner made than acted upon.

"Golly," said Tommy, "we'll scare aunt outen her senses. She won't know what the noise is beneath her room."

"Yep," replied Johnny, "we'll put in sumthin' wots makes a ripping noise."



A "LULL" IN THE DAY'S WORK.

selves, and he had bought a phonograph for Billy. That fall, however, Farmer Brown had evidently thought the crop justified him buying the phonograph; or else he had grown tired of the constant worry of his offspring, for one day, when he went to town, he came home with a large wooden box which Tom and John were not long in judging rightly to be the much coveted instrument.

Of course he had brought home with his purchase quite a number of records of one kind and another, including several blank ones, for he thought to himself that it would be very nice to get Cissy, his nineteen-year-old daughter, to play and sing into the machine; and then all they would need do would be to set the instrument going, if he wanted to hear his daughter sing, without troubling that young lady in the least.

It was supper time when Brown arrived with the instrument, and nothing would do but he had to set it up right off and have it grind away all through the meal.

No sooner would it finish one tune or "speech" than the twins would shout out in chorus, "Oh, papa, its finished that piece; put another one in," and "papa," of course, had to comply to obtain any peace at all.

Towards the close of supper, Johnny, unobserved by his parents, could not resist beating time with his teaspoon to a certain popular tune which the machine was rendering.

His arm coming in contact with that of his twin's, as that youngster was

tion, he fell to belaboring them both soundly, saying to his wife between the whacks, "Guess I'll lick 'em both, and then I'll get at the right 'un."

After giving them sufficient "strap," he opened the door leading upstairs and told them to "scoot to bed," which they did, keeping as far away from him as possible as they edged sideways through the doorway, one eye on the hand which held the strap, and the other on the stairs which, once gained, they went up two at a time, for papa had a nasty habit on such occasions as these of trying to give them a parting whack with the strap, to hurry them on their way upstairs.

Making sure they had entered their room Brown shut the door, stopped the phonograph which was wheedling out, "Oh, Wouldn't That Jar You," then joined the rest of the family and peace reigned once more in the Brown household.

CHAPTER II.

About a month after purchasing the phonograph Farmer Brown and his wife decided to give a dance. Being Christmas time, most of the farmers around gave dances at this season.

Now Mrs. Brown had an elder sister living a considerable distance away. This sister was still living under the same name she was born with, Miss Spinner, to wit—she never having succeeded in persuading any man to give her his. She was in the habit of making lengthy visits to the farm, but both Brown and his wife were always very

About a week before the party took place Old Brown sat in his parlor writing out invitations for several friends living at a distance.

Johnny was in the same room examining the phonograph for about the two thousandth time. He had inserted a blank cylinder and had been busily engaged in whistling a favorite air of his into it, but had ceased on hearing his father, just outside the door, shout to his wife upstairs: "Jane! I guess we'll have to ask that old nag of an Aunt Maria to the 'do,' or she'll never look over it?"

"Yes," came his wife's reply from the top of the stairs, "of course we'll have to ask the old cat, or she'll cut me out of her will."

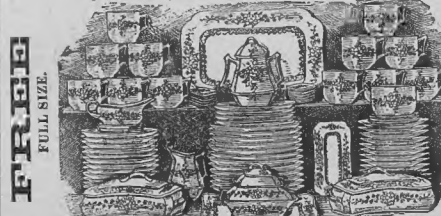
Brown then entered the room, hardly noticing Johnny, wrote his letters and went out again, and on to town to post them.

That "Shipwreck" will give her the shivers when she hears the fog-horns and all the people shouting." This record in question was a great favorite with the twins. It was the reproduction of a supposed collision of two ships during fog at sea. From the commencement to the finish of it nothing was to be heard but a continual roar of fog-horns, steamer's whistles, escaping steam, and the shrieks of the people on board. The first time this record had been put into the machine, Old Brown had stopped it before it had run two minutes, saying that he didn't want "such a tarnation noise in the house."

The twins, though, took keen delight in it, and would always have it playing when the other members of the family were out of ear shot.

They accordingly put in the "Shipwreck" and wound up the machine. Before it had reeled off a quarter of

\$1,000 REWARD



They are handsomely decorated with blue, green and gold. Or we will allow you 50 per cent. commission for selling our assorted remedies.

COLONIAL MEDICINE COMPANY, No. 71 BROADWAY, DEPT. 110, NEW YORK.

When writing advertisers mention Western Home Monthly.

To anyone who will prove we do not do as we advertise. We want to have our marvellous household remedies used by every family in America, and we intend to give away at least 25,000 DINNER SETS in order to do this. Do you want one? Please note the only conditions: Send us your name and address and we will send you eight boxes of our remedies; sell each box at 25c., and return us ONLY \$1.00 of the \$2.00 received for the sale of our medicine. This \$1.00 is to show your good faith and that you really want the dishes. The second dollar you send us ONLY after you receive the dishes and have actually used them, and are entirely satisfied that they are equal to any \$10.00 set you can purchase in the country. We trust you with the dishes and also with \$1.00 received for our medicine. We do this because you may have been fooled by some fake concern; and we want you to thoroughly appreciate our honesty. The dinner set consists of 56 pieces, and is FULL size for family use; including soup plates, dinner, tea, and bread plates; cups and saucers, cover dishes, coffee pot, butter and milk pitcher.

the piece, however, the twins were startled out of several months' growth by the most terrifying cries of "Murder! Thieves!" coming from the room above them.

"Crickey!" said Johnny, "hear aunt; she's scared to death, and thinks there's thieves in the house."

"Josiah! Josiah Brown!" shrieked Aunt Maria from the half open door-

"Dreaming! you say, and me a sitting up in bed listening with both ears to the awful screeching. 'You don't know what you are saying, Josiah Brown; dreaming, indeed.'"



MILL OF OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO.

This mill is at Winnipeg and has a capacity of 3,000 barrels per day.

way of her room, for she had leapt from her bed at the first sound of the unearthly noises issuing from the phonograph in the room below.

"Josiah! I say! there's thieves in the house, and they're murderin' someone. Help! Help!"

Josiah, at sound of these frantic calls for help, appeared in the doorway of his room. In one hand he grasped a chair, the only available weapon he could find at the moment, whilst in the other he held a lamp high above his head.

The dim outline of Mrs. B., in night-dress and with long strings of dishevelled hair pushing their way out from beneath her night cap, could be seen over her husband's shoulder.

With a pillow in her hand, this being the most deadly weapon she could find, she emerged from the room in the wake of her husband, her eyes starting out of her head with terror.

"I don't hear nothing," said Old Brown.

"No, they've murdered their victim and have bolted after taking everything in the house," replied Miss Spinner, after listening for a moment and failing to hear any more sounds downstairs. For the twins, when they heard the state of alarm their aunt had worked herself into, had stopped the machine, put out the light and jumped into bed.

"I'll go down stairs and see, anyway," said Brown, descending the stairs, holding the chair well in front of him with one hand and carrying the lamp in the other.

Mrs. B., no doubt thinking there was safety in numbers, went to her sister, who stood on the landing, intent on hearing the result of her brother-in-law's investigation. Old Brown went through the rooms below until he came to the parlor, and as he approached this room a sudden thought struck him: a thought which he put into words as he opened the door and shouted to the twins:

"Say, you kids, have youse got that machine going?"

"No, pop," said Johnny, quite truthfully.

"Have youse heard any row in the house?"

"Yes," replied Tommo, we heard Aunt Maria yell awfully and most scared us to death."

Brown banged the door to and retraced his steps upstairs, muttering as he went: "That old thing has been dreaming, I bet."

"Who's murdered, and what's stolen?" queried Miss Spinner, as Brown reached the top of the stairs.

"No one's killed, an 'nothin's stolen. I guess you dreamt it all, Maria," he answered, half sarcastically.

mouth of the horn than they would have another one started; and so they ran on in this manner until they had run through a goodly number of pieces. The machine had just concluded the last line of a well-known song, and Tommy, as usual, had put in another piece without noticing the title, or, indeed, whether there was any name or not on it, when everyone present looked up as a certain popular song whistled in a shrill tone proceeded from the instrument.

There were many breaks during the progress of this song, as though the person whistling had been short of breath and compelled to stop frequently to gather a fresh supply.

At length the whistling ceased abruptly, but the machine went on grinding, no sound audible but that made by the works in motion. As the minutes sped on and no other sound came

from the machine everyone commenced to laugh; the twins leading in noise, for Johnny, in this whistling, had recognized his handiwork.

Suddenly there was a change and the inmates of the room started and were all attention as a gruff voice, easily distinguishable as Farmer Brown's, was heard issuing from the machine.

"Jane! I guess we'll have to ask that old nag of an aunt Maria to the 'do,' or she'll never look over it."

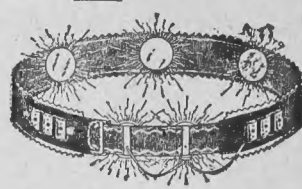
And then, before Brown could rise from his chair and rush across the room to stop the machine; before the

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

ELECTRIC BELTS IN THE REACH OF ALL.

We are Selling the Best Electric Belt in the World at a Price Within the Reach of the Poorest Sufferer.

A \$20 BELT FOR \$5.00



The Prof. Morse's Electric Belt is guaranteed to possess more power, more current, more equal distribution of current, better quality and finish than any other Electric Belt made, regardless of cost.

THE PROF. MORSE'S BELT is a sure cure for Nervousness, Weakness, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Complaint, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Pain or Aches in all parts of the body. Wear the belt while you sleep, and in the morning you will feel years younger than when you went to bed.

Beware of those who ask you to pay from \$10 to \$40 for an Electric Belt, not half so good as the Prof. Morse's, which we sell for only \$5.00. We have only one price. We do not ask you \$40 first, and if you do not buy, try and sell you the same belt at any old price.

OUR HONEST OFFER.—If you do not care to send us five dollars we will send you one of our Belts to your nearest express office, C.O.D., \$5.00, with privilege of examination. If satisfactory, pay the express agent \$5.00 and express charges and take the Belt. If not as represented you need not pay one cent. If you send cash with order we prepay the postage.

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS of all kinds of Electric Appliances. Write us for our Book, giving prices and full particulars. It is sent free.

Do not buy a Belt until you see the Prof. Morse's.

Write at once. Address

THE F. E. KARN CO., 32 Victoria St., TORONTO, CANADA.

BOYS and GIRLS

Do you wish to secure
The Western Home Monthly
for the year 1904.

Send one answer to Puzzle
or one New Puzzle.

See page 24 of this paper.
No money is required.

of the good things on the tables these latter were cleared away and dancing commenced. This was kept up for several hours until the dancers showed signs of weariness. Then Old Brown, bearing the phonograph, and the twins, each with a box full of records, entered the room; the music ceased, and the dancers took advantage of the seats placed around the room.

Brown started the machine and then, leaving the twins to superintend matters, retired to the far end of the room to converse with his guests.

The twins, highly delighted at being left in charge, gave the machine hardly a minute rest. They placed the records in position without even glancing at their titles. Scarcely would the last notes of one piece issue from the

people had quite understood what was the matter; before even the twins had grasped the situation and shut off the instrument, Mrs. Brown's voice, more indistinct than her husband's, but still quite audible, came from the mouth of the machine.

"Yes, of course we'll have to ask the old cat, or she'll cut me out of her will."

Brown had reached the table by this time and shut off the tell tale instrument, whilst Aunt Maria, who had been talking most of the evening with an eligible old bachelor, sprang from her chair with the fury of a tigress, and looking daggers at everyone, particularly at her sister and brother-in-law, she flounced from the room, saying as she went:

"If that is what I am thought of among my relatives, you can take me to the station in the morning, Josiah Brown."

Of course this incident broke up the party, and Brown, when all the guests had departed, took the phonograph outside and with an axe demolished it so completely that even the maker of it would not have recognized it.

Next morning Miss Spinner did not leave her room till Brown was ready to take her to the train. All the way to the station she never spoke a word and since then the Brown's have seen or heard nothing of her excepting a curt note which they received the day leaving them. The note ran:

"The phonograph spoke truth when it said I'd cut you out of my will. Yours, 'That Old Cat.'"

Fresh fruit should always be eaten at breakfast.

Clubbing offers on page 19.



INTELLIGENCE.

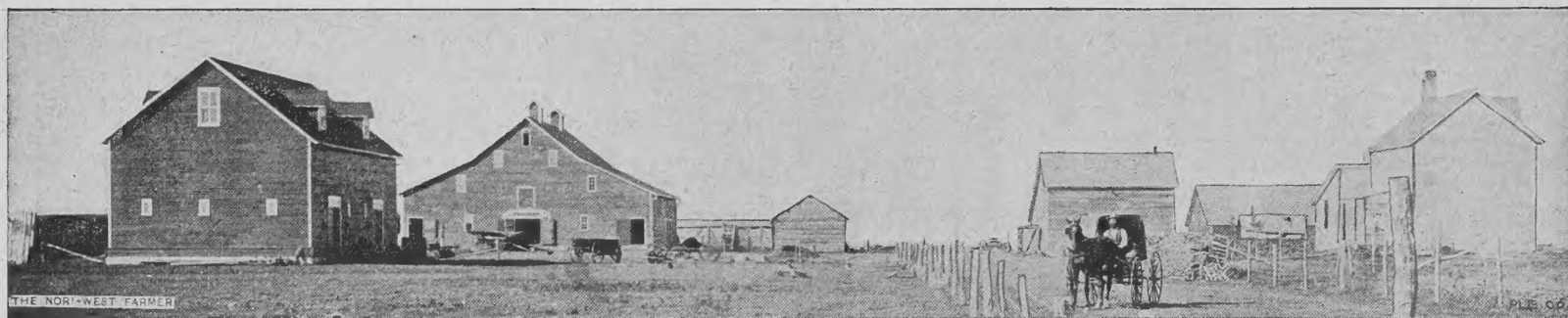
Typical Western Homes.



Jas. Robertson's, Treherne, Man.



J. J. Corbett's, Rosser, Man.



Jas. Armstrong's, Portage la Prairie, Man.

His Dying Trust



SPRING had come with its grass and flowers, its sunshine, and it had deepened into beauty and had at last burst into summer;—the summer of the prairie, with its golden sunshine and its waving grass, Who has looked and lived on those prairies and not felt his heart ache at the thought of leaving them? So the boy thought as he gazed on them and knew that to-morrow he was leaving them perhaps forever. Who knew what the year might bring? The boy had volunteered for service on the contingent to South Africa, been chosen and on the morrow he was to leave his prairies. The soft warm air fanned his face and dried the tears that had sprung to his eyes as he looked. He turned to watch the glorious August sunset; then quickly gathering up the reins of his broncho, that had been grazing by his side, he sprang into the saddle and tore off, over the prairie in a mad gallop; anywhere to dull or deaden the fearful ache at his heart.

It was dusk and he had ridden on, hardly knowing where he was going, and his broncho had at last turned homeward. Then he remembered he had only one more "good-bye" to say and seeing the farm-house light

through the trees he rode toward it. A clump of trees had hidden the house and as he came through the trees he saw, or thought he saw, a slender figure in white moving among the trees and his heart beat quickly again. Surely it was not only the thought of leaving his prairies that had brought that great sense of loneliness, but he had thought too of the parting with the girl.

She saw him before he was near. Now she waited till he was by her side, having turned his broncho to graze at will; then, with a laughing gesture, she said:

"What a stranger you have become! Why, it must be years since you were here!"

"Only a few weeks," he answered, "but it may be years till I come again, for to-morrow I go to Winnipeg to join the contingent for South Africa."

For a moment she was dumb; a sense of great loss and desolation oppressed her. The thought that he was going, perhaps, forever. This boy who for years had been her friend and comrade, made her forget all else. Sometimes they had played at being lovers, but always she had laughed at him, and there came back to her in that moment a day a few weeks ago, when he had tried to tell her how much he cared for her, she had laughed him off, and he had grown very serious, not like the boy she had known. She had only seen him once since and then he had seemed different. Could it be that that was his reason for going and then at the thought of his going a

great tenderness for him had come into her heart and she knew that she too would find the parting hard.

"Why, Will! going to-morrow! And you never told us a word of it before!" She spoke at last and there was genuine sorrow in her voice and a little of tenderness too, that the boy heard and treasured.

"I had come to believe you had grown tired of me; that you would be glad to have me gone. They called for men. I have always longed to be a soldier, and now I am going. I have said "good-bye" to your father and oh! I will miss you all and the good times we have had together. They will be sweet memories for me when I am far away." His voice was husky and he turned away a moment to hide the tears. Then he saw the girl's eyes smiling into his and heard her saying, with her hand on his arm, "You will be my soldier, dear." He knew that after all she loved him and a great gladness came to him. In that moment she had thought that perhaps he was going forever and she could not bear to let him go and the boy had understood at last. Then when he departed, she had said, "My soldier will come back to me," and he had kissed her and was gone.

After his going she remembered that Jack Hardy, his chum and neighbor, and an old friend of hers also, was going too, for he had been in that morning to say good-bye. She wondered that he had not told her of the boy's intention, but she thought Jack had guessed his chum's secret, and perhaps her's also, and so he had not wished to give her pain. She thought how good it was that the two were going together, and her heart was very tender toward them both, for, though she loved the boy, she liked his chum, and would miss him too.

It was nightfall on the veldt. Here

and there a star blinked as Jack Hardy hurried wearily along seeking among the huddled and crouched figures, lying among the ant hills, for his chum. His heart was sick with a great dread of finding his friend dead. All day they had fought the Boers. His comrades had fallen around him and all day his heart had been heavy with a foreboding of evil, and now,

HOW THE EVENING WAS SPOILED.

Indigestion Came In—One or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will Drive the Intruder Away and put Cheerfulness in its Place.

How many evenings that have promised to be pleasant have been spoiled because the supper did not agree with you!

How often you have been troubled with gas accumulating on the stomach, pains in the abdomen and that feeling of discomfort and depression that every victim of indigestion knows so well!

Are you aware that if you carry a few of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in your pocket and take one or two after eating all this can be guarded against—your evenings may be just as pleasant as you expect them to be?

It's a fact. And those who have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will tell you so. H. Hutchison, of Chatham, Ont., says:—

"I suffered for a long time from Indigestion until a short time ago a friend brought me a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. From the very first I got relief.

"I keep them by me and if at any time I feel my food is not likely to agree with me I just take one or two tablets and feel no more effects of Indigestion."

When writing advertisers mention Western Home Monthly.

when he had come back to camp, finding his chum missing, he had started out with the energy of despair to seek him.

At last he found him, and, as he stooped over him and heard him groan, he uttered a fervent "Thank God!!" that he was alive, and, under his breath, "For her sake. Somehow he got him to the camp; how he managed it he never knew, but his one thought was that he must save his life for her; for that was his secret too. The night before, as the chums sat at their camp fire, and the same heavy fear had been at his heart, Jack Hardy had told his chum his story. How he too had loved the girl, and for a moment felt that he was a traitor, for he knew that his chum loved her. Then he found that the girl loved his chum and he was satisfied. There, as the fire-light played over their faces, Jack Hardy talked on, and, putting his arm across his friend's shoulder, he had said: "Dear old chum, I am glad that you have won her; I would like her to know that after I am dead." There were tears in his chum's eyes as he promised, and he tried to comfort him, for in his own heart there was no thought of death.

Now as Jack stood beside his chum the thought of the night before came back to him and he felt that it was some strange tangle of fate that was taking his friend and leaving him, for Will was dying. One look at the wound told him that it was fatal and the doctor had said, "Three hours at the longest; there will be little pain."

Two of the hours had gone. The dying man had seemed to sleep them away, and he must have dreamed, for once he had murmured her name and smiled. Now he turned, and, looking up at his friend, tried to speak. Then the words came slowly, "Dear old Jack, I am nearly gone. It is you who will carry the message, not me. Tell her I died thinking of her. You loved her, too, old chum. Some day she will love you. Go back to her and win her." His words were low and seemed almost gasps. "Remember that I gave her to you as a sacred dying trust. God bless you, Jack. Good-bye. Take care of her." That was all.

Next morning they buried him in the veldt with only a wooden cross, on which Jack Hardy had cut his name to mark the place. He had written the girl a long letter telling of his chum's death and praising his bravery. Then, by another sunset, they were on the march again, leaving far behind them the lonely grave.

* * * * *

Two years had passed. Jack Hardy had fought well and bravely, and now he had been back to his old home again for more than a year. He remembered his first meeting with the girl. She had changed very little; her face had a new beauty of sadness; her smile and laugh were not so ready as of old, and in her eyes was the still dreamy look of one who has conquered life. He loved her, then, as he had in the old days. Always his chum's dying words came to him. "She will love you some time—A sacred dying trust," and he could wait.

They had talked of his lost friend as of some great hero and a great friendship had sprung up between the two. Often he was with her, and to-night they had ridden off to the river, and had left their horses among the trees while they stood on the banks watching the sunset. Once she had looked into his face and meeting his eyes something in them sent the warm blood to her face. She thought how good, and strong, and true, he was, so like her soldier. There was no longer the old pang when she thought of her dead soldier, and her heart knew.

Jack Hardy, too, had been thinking. He must tell her, for he could not wait longer, and so, before he knew it, he was telling her, in quick passionate words, the story of his love and of his waiting, and her eyes were smiling into his. He told her, with his voice husky and shaking, of that last night with his chum, and then of his death and his dying charge. The girl slipped her hand into his, and, raising her

tear-filled eyes to his, she whispered, "And you will take care of her." And far away on the bare brown veldt the stars blinked o'er a lonely grave.

Clubbing offers on page 19.

Carbolated vaseline is an excellent remedy for any skin eruption.

Thoughts are like pigs; you are never sure of them until they are penned.

It is not good to eat too much honey, so for men to search their own glory is not glory.

Half the human race die before they reach 17, and only one person in 1,000 reaches 60.

For heart burn or sour stomach try one-half teaspoonful of soda in a glass of water.

See the unprecedented offer on other page. \$3.25 for \$1.25.

Lanoline and vaseline mixed in equal parts and rubbed thoroughly into the scalp will stop falling hair and promote its growth.

Useful Recipes.

TO REMOVE SCARS.

Buy one ounce of coconut oil, and rub the scar gently with it for five minutes at a time, twice a day. If commenced as soon as it heals, this treatment will work wonders, as it softens and loosens the skin and flesh and causes a thorough circulation. With patience it will obliterate old and caloused scars.

TO CURE MOTH PATCHES.

One-quarter ounce of flour of sulphur; one pint of rum. Mix the sulphur in a pint bottle of rum and shake until it dissolves. Apply to the moth spots every night until they disappear. Let it dry on. The moth spots are a fungus and the sulphur destroys it, but it will take two weeks or more and needs patience. If this remedy does not succeed, the discoloration is a liver-mark and not a moth patch.

TO CURE PIMPLES.

Pimples and blackheads can be easily cured at home without the aid of drugs of any kind, if the following directions are carefully carried out: Take a thick Turkish towel and dip it in water as hot as the face will bear. Then bury the face into this steaming cloth until the heat has all left it. Repeat this operation for 15 or 20 minutes, night and morning, and in a fortnight you will have no black-

heads. To make the skin soft and fair a nightly massage with olive or almond oil and careful protection at all times from the extremes of heat and cold are the most effective means.

The Toilet.

Brittle nails should never be cut unless the fingers have first been soaked in warm water or rubbed with almond oil. The nails should never be polished except when an oil is used besides the powder. This makes the nails more pliable.

To brighten the lips dip your fingers in eau de Cologne and rub it on your lips, if for any special reason you want them to look a brighter red than usual. When the perfume has dried, rub in a very little cold cream, or after a little while they will feel cold and hard. It is not advisable to do this often, as it is likely to spoil the texture of the skin, but occasionally it does no harm.

Six drops of olive oil used every third night to massage the lower face and throat will long keep off the first throat and chin wrinkles that all women dread. Use the tips of the fingers, and stroke the oil in gently, but firmly. Leave it on over night, washing it off in the morning with hot water and without soap. If it is found that every third night keeps the skin a bit too oily, the interval may be a little lengthened.



AFTER THE BATH.

Keeping Children Warm at Night.

In going through a children's hospital some years ago, I was struck with the small amount of bedclothing the children had over them. If they were cold they were given hot water bottles, but no heavy blankets were piled on their beds. And I have found since, in my private life, that the children I have had to deal with have slept better and more quietly if they have one light but warm covering, with something lighter still to tuck in loosely all around. It should be loose enough for a child to turn and twist under it without pulling it out.

I have also found by experience that the average child will sleep better in a little loose nightgown or shirt than in the night drawers, especially those with feet on. The latter twist around as the child turns, and pull in all directions, and to some children the feeling of the stockings on the little feet is so unpleasant that they wiggle and rub in their sleep, trying to get them off. If a child is inclined to cold feet, little knitted bed socks worn with a loose nightgown will keep them warm and generally more comfortable.

Of course there are almost as many temperaments in the world as there are children, and what will be comfortable for one would be the opposite for his brother. But as a general rule a child will not kick the bed clothes off if he is thoroughly comfortable, not too heavily or too warmly covered. Children will be "warm as toast" when their parents are shivering, and when you see a little child chilly, and with cold hands and feet, change the diet, give cod liver oil, or manage to have him take any amount of regular exercise to improve the circulation. Warmth, to be thoroughly satisfactory, must come from the inside.

Children generally sleep better on a firm—not hard—mattress. It should be pretty thick, and should have something thick and closely woven between it and the wire mattress, as well as between it and the sheet. There is more or less draft around the floor, and it will make a bed much warmer to have it well protected underneath than to put a dozen blankets on top.

Some children love to feel the blankets right next them, and will sleep better that way. It is a good idea to have flannel sheets for them, they seem to take such comfort in cuddling down on the soft material. A very good way to provide a crib with clothes is to make a thick comforter stuffed with wool batting—or with down, of course, if it can be afforded. The wool is very much lighter than cotton batting. The cover should be cut only a little bit larger than the crib, so that when finished the comforter fills the crib, but does not tuck in. Then over that you can put any kind of a light cover that is big enough to tuck in generously. Ordinarily that would be covering enough, but for the coldest winter months there can be a light blanket or comforter spread over the top, but not tucked in all around so that the child feels tied down.

Encourage a child's own vitality to keep it warm, and you will get far better results than by any system of wraps and hot water bags.—The Puritan.

Fever blisters can be gotten rid of by the use of powdered alum.

A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg instead of water will never blister.

A mixture of lanolin and sweet oil is the best cure for chapped skin, either on adults or babies.

Liquid carbolic acid, one-half drachm to four ounces iodine, will prevent the discoloration of the skin.

A little carbolic acid added to the water in which burns, bruises and cuts are washed greatly lessens the soreness.

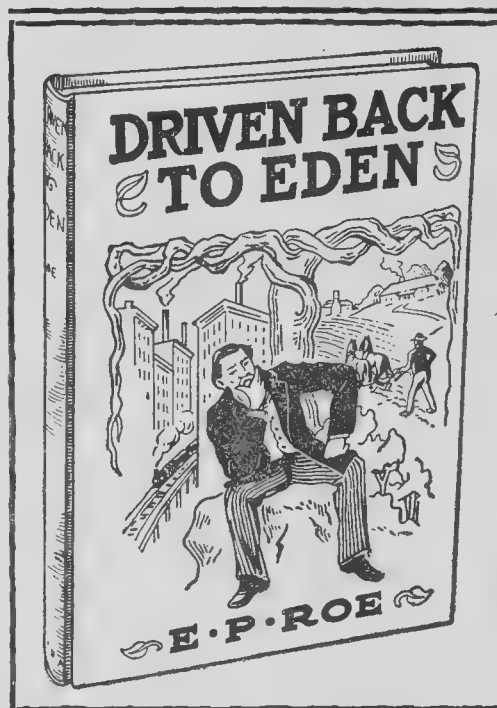
Perhaps it is not generally known, as it should be, that salt put in the mouth will instantly relieve convulsive movements in fits, either of children or animals.

For a stiff neck, pains in the chest, etc., warm some sweet oil and rub on thoroughly with the hands, then cover with sheet wadding, the shiny side out. Wear it until you feel comfortable.

To make camphor ice, take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, four ounces of spermaceti, two ounces of white wax and half an ounce of camphor. Melt all over a water bath, and run in moulds of proper size and form.

UNPRECEDENTED OFFER

Keep Your Boys AT HOME.



THE ATTRACTIVE SIDE OF FARM LIFE

- MORE OPPORTUNITIES
for a
GOOD FARMER
than an
INDIFFERENT CLERK

A NOVEL FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

History in Detail of a New York Family's Determination to Leave the Crowded City Flat, and How Each Member Contributed to the Success Attained in Less Than a Year.

THE CITY STRUGGLE

This fascinating story by E. P. Roe, the well-known author of "Barriers Burned Away," and "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," takes up the life of Robert Durham, bookkeeper for a large New York house, his delicate wife and four children; one an invalid. It tells of the struggles of the father to take care of the ever increasing expenses, how he sees the wife and invalid daughter growing weaker daily, the two boys, both mere children drifting into associations more contaminating than an infectious disease, his own failing strength, and inability to increase income or change conditions.

A PURE LIFE

The author tells in his simple, clear way, the decision to throw off the yoke of serfdom, to break away from conditions sapping the very life blood of every member of the precious little family, and to go to the country with the hope that a living could be made by farming, and physical and moral conditions brought to a point where they could all thank God for the daily enjoyment of a pure life.

GOOD LITERATURE

With a few hundred dollars saved from a meagre salary, Robert Durham makes a part payment on a 100 acre farm within three hours of the city. Months before leaving for their future home, literature of every kind giving information on farming or kindred topics was eagerly read and discussed by every member of the entire family, so that when in early March the move was actually made, no small amount of information had been accumulated. Arriving at the farm, attention was at once given to all of the small things which usually go towards making either a success or failure of "Life in the Country."

PROFIT AND PLEASURE

Each chapter of the life's history tells of the actual experiences with the Poultry, Cattle, Pigs, Bees; with the berries, fruit and garden truck, as well as the general farming operations, of the mistakes made, all of which were profited by, and how each member of this family born and reared in a city apartment building (by a limited effort), within one year clearly demonstrated the possibility of a life as God intended it.

A HAPPY FAMILY

At the end of one year, after taking stock and going over all the accounts, the happy wife and mother sums up the situation by saying: "You have solved the problem, Robert, that was worrying you. There is space here for the children to grow and the Daggetts and the Ricketts, and all their kind, are not so near as to make them grow wrong in spite of us. A year ago we felt that we were virtually being driven to the country. I now feel as if we had been led by a kindly and divine hand."

*The Western Home Monthly Wants Every Subscriber
to Read This Book.*

It is packed full of information respecting country life told in an interesting way, that will benefit both the country reader and the city bred families who know little of Nature. A book to read aloud in the family circle.

It is written in language so simple that a small child will clearly understand. It will be of absorbing interest to the growing boy, and kindle the desire for healthful manly sport.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

In connection with this book we have made a close clubbing arrangement with the Union Gospel News of Cleveland, O., a large 16-page undenominational weekly paper, filled each week with such matter as will be appreciated and eagerly looked for by the entire family. The subscription price is 50 cents per annum, and the publisher's price of "Driven Back to Eden" is \$1.25, but arrangements have been made whereby we can make the following liberal offer:—

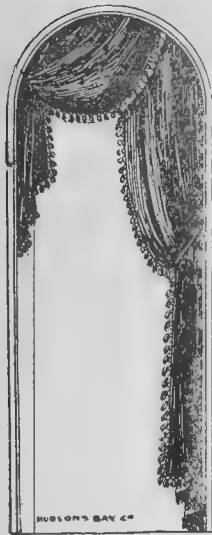
THE UNION GOSPEL NEWS	-	-	-	\$.50	} All For \$1.50
DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN	-	-	-	1.25	
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY	-	-	-	.50	
THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE	-	-	-	1.00	
Total				- \$3.25	

Or \$1.25 if order, with money, is received before Feb. 1st, 1904.

The Home Publishing Co. - Winnipeg, Man.

Seasonable

A Pleasing Drape.



The art of hanging drapes, which is so often an instinct in ladies, should be made the object of careful study by every housewife who loves to have an attractive home.

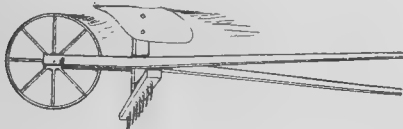
Nothing contributes so much to this happy result as the artistic display of some simple drape, instead of an objectionable corner or a crude bare arch. Draperies add the final touches that make home a place of ease and coziness.

We illustrate a doorway effect that many readers could find good use for. For a doorway three or four feet wide, and 6 or 6½ feet high, made from drape cloth or Derby cloth at 50c per yard, would cost \$4 complete with tassels and fringe. Another excellent material is striped Marley cloth, which can be had in striped goods in pink, green or blue, with stripes of mixed colors, at 75c. per yard; cost \$6.00 complete.

A Useful Implement.

To the poultry man there are many things that go to make up success. The main thing is, of course, cleanliness. It always pays to be cleanly, and there is very little, if any, cost in connection therewith. It means determination to a large extent. After you have determined to keep things clean, stick to it.

Then, make all the use you possibly can of the appliances which cost but little and yet aid materially in the work. We herewith reproduce a cut of an article which a writer says he has found one of the best and most useful things in his plant. It is a combined plow and harrow. It is home-made and can be made by any handy man.



If the illustration is turned upside down, it will appear as a plow. We plow our yards, say, today, harrow tomorrow, then rest a day or so, and plow again, then harrow. It keeps the soil sweet and in great shape for scratching. All grain in summer is fed on this soil and is raked in to induce scratching. It keeps them healthy. It makes them lay.

Lamps.

There is no one thing that gives greater inconvenience in the home during the long winter evenings of the West than the way lamps are generally cared for.

Whatever the conditions were years ago, there is no excuse today for the miserable lamps which are the only lights to be found in many homes. Lamps are cheap, and kerosene is not out of the way. Then, why have lights that do little more than make the darkness visible? Home should be made attractive in the evening, and it is not attractive when the only light comes from a miserable glimmer afforded by a poor burner and common chimney. Have big burners and suitable chimneys, and shade them so as to throw the light where it is most needed, as upon dining-table, reading-chair, etc. Big burners do use up a little more oil, but what of that?

Half the husbands and children who go away from home in the evening would remain at home if it were made cheery and attractive. It is not made cheery and attractive by senseless "fancy work," but cheeriness and attractiveness are both largely contributed to by bright lights properly shaded.

Not only should the living room be cheerful, but the son and daughter who have rooms of their own should be able to retire there if they choose, and find them well warmed and well lighted.

Even a good lamp needs good care. It should be filled each day. The wick should be rolled up and trimmed, and then rolled down till needed. The chimney should be polished daily. It is not disagreeable work, but rather nice work, to care for lamps, when there are plenty of hot water, soap and clean cloths to use. The wick should not be cut often. It is best and most evenly trimmed daily by turning only the extreme burned tip above the burner, and rubbing it even with the burner with a cloth. Once a month it is well to put the burners, minus the wicks, into a pot of cold water, with some washing soda. Let the water come to a boil, and keep it boiling for fifteen minutes. This renders them as clean as when new.

Dressy Waist.

The bertha is a marked feature of the dressy waists for this season, and a charming example is carried out in the waist illustrated. The yoke is formed of narrow bands fag-goted together and finished with the bertha epaulette. The full sleeves are stitched flat part way, and fitted into a narrow cuff of bands and stitching like yoke. The lower part of blouse is fitted to yoke in front with double box plait and blouses slightly, while in the back the box plaits are tapered and fitted down flat to the waist line. The closing is at the left shoulder and side seam. Crepe de chine and taffeta are excellent materials for this model.



DRESSY WAIST.

The Value of Soapsuds.

The great value of soapsuds as a plant nutriment is not as generally appreciated as it deserves to be; if it was, not a particle of it would be allowed to run to waste. When applied to the roots of vines, roses, and all annuals, they will grow much more luxuriantly and bloom more profusely. True, it will not make a poor soil permanently rich, but it will supply good nourishment for the present needs. A very good plan is to have a barrel where all such water can be turned ready to use as required.

For Bronchial Trouble.—Put ten teaspoons spirits of camphor to forty times their bulk in boiling water. Place in a pitcher and incline the open mouth over the top, so that the steam enters the throat freely. Care must be taken in the perspiration which ensues not to contract further cold; but this is a royal remedy for heavy chest colds. —Ruth Hall.

Respect yourself and your friends will do so, too; worship yourself and you'll have no friends to worship you.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.



In the Game Preserves on the C. N. R.

Questions for the Housewife.

A kitchen stool is a great boon to delicate women for sitting on when washing up.

Never use anything but glass stoppers in medicine bottles—particularly in those containing acids, as acids will quickly destroy all corks.

To clean tinware wash it with hot water and soap, and then, after drying, polish it with dried flour, using a piece of old newspaper as a polishing cloth.

An excellent furniture polish is made by mixing together one-third of alcohol and two-thirds of sweet oil. Apply with one soft cloth and polish off with another.

When washing flannels shake and brush them thoroughly before plunging into the water, as this removes the dirt in a more satisfactory manner and keeps the flannels white.

White spots on furniture may be readily removed by rubbing quickly and evenly with a rag dipped in spirits of camphor. Afterward rub over the spot thoroughly with furniture oil.

Zinc may be quickly cleaned by first washing it with warm soapsuds, wiping

dry and then rubbing thoroughly with a cloth dipped in paraffin and polishing till the whole surface shines.

To render boots waterproof melt together a little mutton fat and beeswax and when liquid rub a little of it over the edges of the soles where the stitches are. This will render your boots quite waterproof.

If the skin on the face is tender, before powdering dampen the face with a little glycerine and rose water, then apply rice powder with a soft cloth.

Bathing with salt water and rubbing vigorously with a coarse towel is beneficial, as it gives tone to the muscles and makes the flesh firm.

Cold cream rubbed thoroughly into the face at night will relieve sunburn and help remove the tan.

You can't judge a man by the clothes he wears; they may not be his.

See the unprecedented offer on other page. \$3.25 for \$1.25.



FREE
HIGH GRADE
TALKING
MACHINE

OUR GRAND TALKING MACHINE. It reproduces songs, speeches, band music, etc., as loud and clear as a \$30 machine; 20 inches long; uses either Columbia or Victor gramophone 7 or 10 inch disc records. In order to introduce MARVEL BLUING, we will, for a limited time, give away a GRAND TALKING MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE to anyone who will agree to sell only 35 packages of MARVEL BLUING at 10c. a package. Each customer buying a package from you is entitled to receive a fine new lamp present from us.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY. We trust you. Order to day and we will send the 35 package of MARVEL BLUING by return mail, postpaid; when sold send us our money, \$3.50, and we will promptly ship you the machine complete with 25 points including Uncle Josh's popular humorous piece. No charge for boxing, packing, etc. This is a rare opportunity to get a high grade Talking Machine for a very little work. Your friends will readily buy MARVEL BLUING for it is the best in the world, and you will have a Talking Machine with which you can give entertainments or concerts in any size hall or room, as it is as loud and clear as a \$30 machine. It has a 14-inch Metal Amplifying Horn with concert sound box, piano finished base, size of box 8x10x14. All week after you receive the machine is that you show it to your friends. \$1000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can prove we do not give away the GRAND TALKING MACHINE for selling only 35 packages of MARVEL BLUING. The Grand Talking Machine is open for inspection any day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Understand, this is not a Toy Machine, but is a full sized machine and uses the same records as is used on the \$30 and \$40 machines. Write to day. Address THE MARVEL BLUING CO., Dept. 315, Toronto, Ontario.



Special
Mackintoshes

—FOR—

Ladies and
Gentlemen

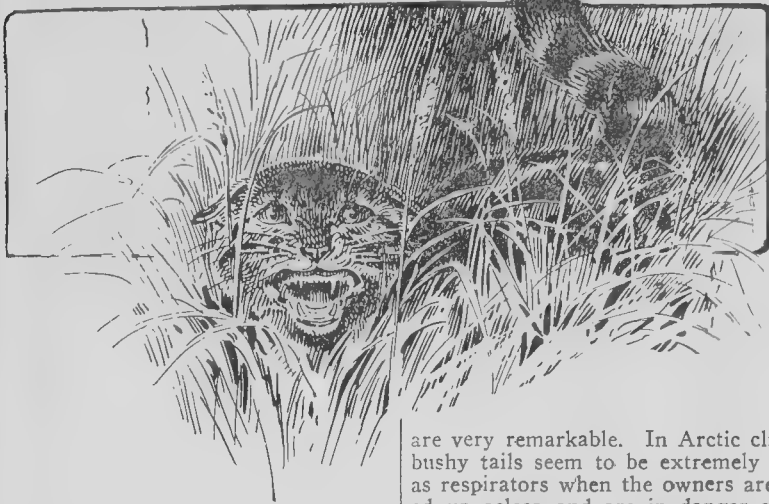
Write for samples and prices.

JOSEPH STOVEL

58 TRIBUNE BUILDING,
PHONE 2097,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Tails

Among land animals the tail serves a great variety of purposes, and may be considered as a kind of jack-of-all-trades



are very remarkable. In Arctic climates bushy tails seem to be extremely useful as respirators when the owners are curled up asleep and are in danger of getting their noses frost-bitten. It has been stated that a dog's tail acts as a rudder and helps the animal to turn quickly when in pursuit of game. Probably this belief is responsible for the very ancient custom of cutting off the tails of sheep-dogs. At one time it was compulsory in Great Britain for all farmers and shepherds near royal game-preserves to dock their dogs' tails; and



The Monkey.

a long-tailed sheep-dog found in the neighborhood of the New Forest, England, was always destroyed without mercy.

We find that many animals, such as hares, pigs, and antelopes, which are great adepts at dodging, doubling, or "jinking" when pursued, have tails which could be of no possible use as an aid to this proceeding. Secondly, the very dogs which are most valuable for coursing, such as greyhounds, whippets, etc., have quite meagre tails, which can have very little effect in influencing the

To a hungry beast of prey the finding are very remarkable.

The jaguar is credited with a habit of dangling the tip of its tail into the water so as to entice fish within reach of its formidable claws.

The lion's long, tufted tail was believed by the ancients to be employed when the beast desired to lash itself into a rage; and, in support of this doctrine, attention was drawn to an odd horn-like projection sometimes found at the tip, which was supposed to aid the stimulating process. Modern research, however, has rather upset this theory, for the little spur-like object when it exists, appears to be nothing more than a chance accumulation of the hard scales of the epidermis entangled within the thick terminal tuft of hair.

Rats and mice appear to use their tails chiefly as aids in keeping their balance when climbing. This also seems to be the main function of the tail among the old-world monkeys.

Among the South American monkeys tails are used to take hold of the branches of the trees, and the under side of the organ is naked and covered with skin like that of a human finger.

Not long ago I saw a black negro monkey fold his tail round a piece of banana and carry it about with him. Not one single old-world monkey has a tail with any power of grasping, although it is by no means uncommon to find careless observers stating that they have seen monkey's tails used for this purpose among the African forests.

There are a number of other creatures which have prehensile tails, such as the opossums, that curious South American nondescript, the kinkajou, and the climbing ant-eaters of the old world which look exactly as if they are covered with scale armor. These last animals, however, do not seem to hang by their tails, but rather to use them by twisting them spirally around the branch by which they are ascending.

What a Hen Can Do.

A hen can't plow corn, hoe cotton, or split wood, but she can get there just the same. She don't cost more than a drink of whisky and a plug of tobacco, but she can pay eight per cent interest on twenty-five dollars in a year, and pay her board besides. The fellow who thinks a hen can't make money don't know anything about a hen. Take an old speckled hen, for instance, that's had no raising at all. One that's been thrown out of the corn crib, knocked off the porch with a broom, and chased out of the garden by a worthless pup. Just take that sort of a worthless old-fashioned hen, and let's see; She lays at least twenty-five eggs on a stretch, and then goes to setting on thirteen of her eggs. The other dozen pays her keep while she turns eggs into chickens, and while she is scratching for them after they are hatched and before being weaned. That sort of a hen generally hatches ten out of the thirteen eggs and raises eight of them, that sell for two dollars. But we must knock off one dollar for their raising and put only one dollar aside to the credit of old Speck, who loafs about a while, and then she lays another two dozen eggs and sets again and raises another lot of eight chickens, that sell for two dollars more, and so we pay off again, and put another dollar to the credit of our old hen. Well, then it's long towards midsummer and she loafs awhile, and then she takes another laying spell, and lays another quarter of a hundred eggs, and then sets again, and brings on a fall brood that sell as before, and we credit her with another dollar, the half of the produce of another hatch of eight chickens, which makes three dollars to her credit over and above all expenses. Then she lays a little more, and sheds her feathers and knocks about and scratches for a living until toward the holidays, when she takes another spell of laying, and lays a good lot of eggs by Christmas and quits, but don't set because it is too cold. But along about February she sets again and lays right sharply for a month or more, until she is around to the time where she started in last year, and in footing up we find she has paid all expenses and three

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

dollars besides in twelve months. A pretty good showing for a twenty-five cent hen.—Magazine.

The grand balance, or scale, used in the bank of England is probably the most wonderful piece of mechanism to be seen anywhere. It stands about seven feet high and weighs probably two tons. This scale is so perfectly adjusted that it can weigh a grain of dust, or 400 pounds of gold. A postage stamp placed on one of the two weighing portions will move the index six inches. If the weight placed upon the scale is beyond its capacity an electric bell is set ringing, the machine declining to execute a task of which it is incapable.

The revolver was the invention of Joseph Shirk, a citizen of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Before the civil war old-fashioned "pepper-boxes," which were dangerous to the user, obtained. Then came the "navy." This had to be loaded like a musket, each barrel requiring separate attention. It was usually ineffective, except at point blank range. Then came the revolver and from it was evolved the repeating rifle of to-day.

King Edward's coachman never knows where he is to drive until his majesty is actually seated in the carriage. This is a continuance of the rule which came into force when Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly, Western Canada's illustrated family journal. 50c. a year. Send in your name now and secure copy of the valuable premium—Farmer's Business Guide.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that from 6,900,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

Belief is contagious; you must believe in your own business before you invite others to believe in it.

RAILROAD MEN
GET SURE RELIEF.

They Use Dodd's Kidney Pills
for the Troubles Brought
on by Their Work.

They Profit by the Experience and Advice of Mr. Lew Dake, of the Dake House, St. Thomas—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

St. Thomas, Ont., Nov. 4.—(Special).—Mr. L. Dake, the well-known proprietor of the Dake House here and one of the most popular men in this railroad centre, is completely cured of Backache and Kidney Disease of five years' standing and he has no hesitation in stating that the cure was effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Dake says, speaking of his cure, "I am perfectly satisfied that the two or three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, as I have not been troubled by my Kidneys since I took them."

"I had been troubled with my Kidneys and pains in my back for over five years and nothing I used gave me any relief till I took the advice of a friend and tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I advise all my friends to try them."

Many of the railroad men have taken Mr. Dake's advice and are using Dodd's Kidney Pills. This work is particularly hard on the Kidneys and they find Dodd's Kidney Pills bring them sure relief.

Western Home Monthly.
When writing advertisers mention The

among the members. Among our horses and cattle we find it almost solely used as a defence against troublesome insects.

In order to perform its duties as a fly-flapper it is provided with muscles which swing it to and fro almost automatically. Have you ever observed the fact that, as soon as a whip falls upon a horse's back, there is always a twitch of the tail? This may be explained by the fact that, during the epochs when the nerves and muscles which swing the tail learned their duties, whips were entirely unknown, while biting and stinging insects were exceedingly plentiful. Thus, in a sense, the driver's whip mimics a fly, just as does the apparatus of the angler. As soon as the sting of the whip is felt, the tail, from inherited habit, acts just as if it were driving away a fly. If you watch a group of cattle grazing in a field, or standing knee deep in the water on a summer's day, you find that their tufted tails swing automatically like so many pendulums, and in such a way as to sweep the whole upper surface of the body. This is the case even when no flies appear to be buzzing around.

How admirably adapted are those natural fly-whisks for their work! In many parts of the world it is actually a life and death matter whether the horses and cattle possess efficient tails for driving away insects. There can be little doubt that, given two herds of cattle, one with tails and one without, in a fly-infested district, the tailless ones would soon go to the wall in the struggle for existence.

In considering the function of tails in sheep the facts are by no means so clear. Nearly all tame sheep are born with long tails, and for some reason in their infancy they wriggle them in the most emphatic and vigorous manner when taking nourishment. Long tails, however, prove rather a detriment than a



The curious South American nondescript, the kinkajou, uses its prehensile tail as a carrying agent.

help to most domestic sheep, and hence are cut off by the shepherd.

Nearly all wild sheep, even those from which our domesticated animals are descended, possess very meagre tails, which are practically of no value as fly-flaps. The reason of this, I think, may be found in the fact that they are all mountain animals, and spend most of their time among breezy heights where flies are not plentiful.

The tails of our domestic dogs and certain of their wild relatives have several distinct functions, some of which

momentum of the body.

of game must be one of the chief pleasures of life, and hence the gestures appropriate to such occasions readily become the usual sign of pleasure.

With the exception of the lynxes, all wild members of the cat tribe have well developed tails, one use of which is fairly obvious. Anyone who has seen a cat walking along the top of a fence will have observed how the tail is switched from side to side so as to help the animal to keep its balance. But the feline tail has other functions, some of which



A Family Journal devoted to all that appeals to the Home.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.
The Stovel Co.,
Printers,
WINNIPEG, - - CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION: 50c. A YEAR to any address in Canada or the United States. Foreign and City of Winnipeg subscriptions, 75c. a year, to cover delivery charges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We will not knowingly admit any fake or obscene advertisements in our columns, and we would esteem it a favor if our readers would promptly notify us should they not be fairly treated by any advertiser.

Address all correspondence and make all remittances to

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.
Stovel Building, Winnipeg.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

Larger and Better Paper.

In keeping with promise made in the September number, The Western Home Monthly this issue appears in enlarged form. Eight pages, and a colored cover, have been added, and the pages lengthened somewhat. This places the magazine far in advance of any similar paper published in the

West. It enables us to give better attention to illustration and room for additional departments, which will be added from time to time.

Elsewhere in this issue we deal with the various improvements now undertaken and those in contemplation.

We feel that the effort to meet the requirements of the Canadian West, in the way of a good illustrated family monthly, will be appreciated, and that The Western Home Monthly will find its way into a still greater number of homes.

Attention is called to the advertisement on page 21, dealing with the specially prepared premium which we are offering to new subscribers. The Farmers' Business Guide will prove of exceptional value to every home, as there are forms and facts given for all that pertains to the farm.

On page 19 will be found our clubbing offer, and on page 9 an "Unprecedented Offer," \$3.25 for \$1.25.



Work in spite of yourself, and make a habit of work; and when the habit of work is formed, it will be transfigured into the love of work; and at last you will not only abhor idleness, but you will have no happiness out of the work which you are not constrained from love to do.—Tengwall Talk.

Anger in the Morning.

"If I get angry in the morning, it spoils my work all day." That is an experience which many of us can recognize with lament for days that did not bring their full harvest of accomplishment. For each day is a new beginning endowed with possibilities of work and pleasure, but strictly limited in its allowance of energy—and especially of that highest type of nervous energy which enables us to bring out the best that is in us. Anger is an irritant, a fever. If we begin the day with it, the fine flower of our vital strength is exhausted in the effort to get back to serenity and we work all day with the poorer forces of our mind and spirit. If there were no other argument for peaceful home morning hours, this of efficiency alone would be worth considering. If the son or husband robs the house-wife of her serenity of soul by trying words before he leaves for work, he has robbed his home of energy all day. If children go scolded and angry to school, they are in no mood to make the best of their opportunities. The world wants the best work and will reward nothing less than that. Our best work is none too good for the world's needs and for our own conscience. Let us not provoke each other to anger in the hour of beginnings, lest we make ourselves responsible for failure. And let us not overdo to-day, lest we be tempted to visit our own weariness on others to-morrow, so hindering their work.—Congregationalist.



He who takes his own time generally takes other people's, too.

Prejudice is as natural to man as anything else that is sinful. And it is a sin, though people do not often count it so. It is a glaringly red flag warning us of terrible danger.

For prejudice is one of the chief obstacles to seeing the truth. It is a making up of one's mind by the light of one's own inclinations and reasoning or the blind adoption of other people's teachings. It is an anticipating of God's filling our minds and hearts by taking the business into our own hands and filling them ourselves with what best suits us. To judge before we have the facts upon which to judge, to judge for ourselves at all in matters quite beyond our vision, to allow our feelings to dictate to us what we shall think—that is prejudice. And it alone is able to stand in the way of truth for generations and centuries. When prejudice and indifference both stand in the way of truth, as they often do, it is a wonder that the truth can make itself felt at all.

Be rid of prejudice. Or, to put the same thing more positively, open your mind and soul to the reception of all truth, no matter how distasteful it may seem at the time.



Jealousy is one of the most contemptible of vices. If cherished it makes its owner capable of all sorts of petty meannesses of thought and action. If there is any tendency to this vice in your heart put it under your heel and crush the life out of it. If you do not, it will make you miserable and will make other people either shun you or pity you.



Ignorance may sometimes bring bliss, but it more often brings blisters.



PARTIAL VIEW OF CITY

Things that Never Die.

The pure, the sweet, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses of wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The stirring after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips
have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true,
So shall that light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—Charles Dickens.

Ruskin says: "It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, 'In the sweat of thy brow,' but it was never written, 'In the breaking of thine heart'—'thou shalt eat bread.' I find that no small misery is caused by over-worked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves and force upon others of work itself. I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it."

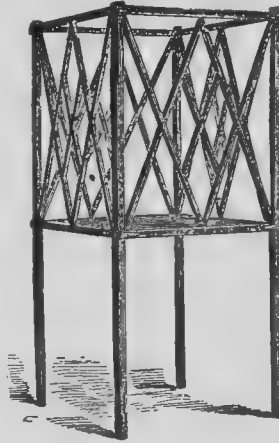
The most reckless spendthrift in the world is the one who squanders time. Money lost may be regained, friendship broken may be renewed, houses and lands may be sold or buried or burnt, but may be bought or gained or built again. But what power can restore the moment that has passed, the day whose sun has set, the year that has been numbered with the ages gone?

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in your temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone, and weave them into a web of joy and hope; but to those who are still left us, who have ears to hear and hearts to throb with pain or grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

Whitefield's Travelling Pulpit.

An interesting relic of George Whitefield, the founder of the Calvinistic branch of the Methodists, is at present on exhibition at New York City. This



is the very pulpit which, two hundred years ago, he carried with him in England, as he moved about the country to address the thousands who flocked to hear him preach. It is more than probable that he brought it with him, on some of his seven visits to this country, as he was often denied the use of regularly assigned pulpits on account of his

evangelical ideas. It is a frail affair, and being made to fold up so that it could easily be carried by a strong man or on a wagon, there are about it, as might be supposed, a number of hasps, hooks and hinges. As you examine the pulpit, you notice that it bears the marks of some severe treatment, and upon the upper railing you can see where the heavy hand of the preacher has fallen in giving emphasis to his vigorous exhortations.

Do you know that Luther said: "Suffer, and be still, and tell no man thy sorrow; trust in God—His help will not fail thee?" This is what Scripture calls keeping silence before God. To talk much of one's sorrows makes one weak, but to tell one's sorrow to Him Who heareth in secret makes one strong and calm.

There is only one plain rule of life eternally binding. It is this: Try thyself unweariedly, till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, and then do it.—John Stuart Mill.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. Judge no one harshly, misinterpret no man's motives, believe things are as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, temper judgment with mercy.

It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and there are a good many banana peels lying around the sublime.



CITY OF WINNIPEG.

The Home

Good to Know.

For relieving hoarseness try the following mixture: To the white of an egg add the juice of one lemon and a teaspoonful of sugar, and take a teaspoonful at frequent intervals until the voice is clearer.

Hands that chap easily may be kept nice and soft all the coming winter by the frequent application of a mixture of glycerin and olive oil in equal parts. This should be placed in a bottle and shaken when used.

An excellent recipe for the cure of chapped hands and lips is as follows: Dissolve in equal quantities of white wax and sweet oil a small piece of camphor. It should be put in a stone jar on the hob and melted. It must then be kept closely covered. To be applied to the hands after washing and previous to drying them.

Cold water with ice in it is the thing to use when an accidental burn from acids or alkalis is encountered. Nitric acid gets spilt at times, or even vitriol may. A limb burned with acids must be plunged in cold water and kept there, so that the water may dilute the traces of the acid in the skin as much as possible. When acid burning causes injury, the water should be rendered alkaline by adding soda to counteract the acid.

Low Voices.

The charm of a low yet distinct voice can hardly be overstated. Shrill voices, nasal voices, voices which lack sweet tones and refined inflections, can be heard on every hand, but the gentlewoman's voice has melody of its own. It should carry well, and make itself heard across a room or in a throng, but it should be never loud or jarring, never rise to a scream or grate on the ear of the hearer. A low and perfectly modulated voice will rest rather than tire those who listen to it, either in speech or in reading. Of course a great deal depends on the enunciation, the giving of every word and syllable its true emphasis, and the absence of slurring or elision in the manner of pronouncing familiar names and finishing sentences.

In the invalid's chamber blessed is the woman whose custom is to speak in a low voice, not in a whisper, which is almost certainly irritating to those who are ill and weak, and who fancy, very naturally, that something is being concealed from them, but in a low, quiet manner.

To little children and to servants speak invariably in a low voice. We have high authority for declaring it to be "an excellent thing in woman."

A mild solution of salt water held in the hand and sniffed up the nostrils is good for catarrh of the head.

The Hens.

The breed of fowls to select is the one you like best.

About one-third the weight of an egg is solid nutriment.

Always set the hens late in the evening, rather than in the morning.

In feeding ducks care



THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

should be taken not to feed too much grain.

Two ounces of glycerine and one ounce of carbolic acid made into a solution is good for scaly legs.

Two-thirds lard and one-third coal oil will kill the large head lice on young chickens. Use sparingly.

When chickens are fed and cared for just to keep them at a standstill the food given is practically thrown away.

Ducks are easy and profitable to handle. But it is always best to keep one of the large breeds.

Bone meal for mixing with the soft



Ladies' Box Coat.

food of poultry should be about the fineness of fine oatmeal.

When confined unless the fowls have plenty of milk they should have meat two or three times a week.

A hen that is made to scratch for everything she eats is in very little danger of eating too much.

Simple Things.

Do you ever pause to listen,
In the hurry of the strife,
Of the cares that crowd around you,
To the simple things of life?
To the songs the birds are singing,
To their happy chirp and thrill?
To the rush of woodland breezes
Sweeping past you o'er the hill?

Do you ever hear the laughter
Of the leaves on summer days,
As they whisper joyous nothings
'Neath the glad sun's golden rays?
Oh, 'twill cheer you just to listen
For a moment to their glee,
Like a breath from spicy islands
Blowing by you from the sea.

Just a flower within a window,
Or a tree upon the street,
Or the lisping of an infant,
Holds a blessing full and sweet.
Only free your mind to seize it,
And 'twill cheer you all day long,
Till you find your lips are moving
To the cadence of a song.

Modes and Fabrics.

Cannas will do well in tubs. So will caladiums, if you are careful to keep them well watered. If cannas are used, put three or four roots in each tub 18 or 20 inches across.

Matrimonial Ifs.

The following would make people happy if regarded:

If home trials were never told to a neighbor.

If household expenses were proportioned to the husband's income.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and common manners in private.

If men would remember that a woman cannot always be smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door bell half a dozen times, get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old who has fallen down stairs, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, dusting, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.

In planting bulbs for winter use, be sure to pot them in a rich, mellow soil, to water well at time of planting, but not after that until they begin to grow, and to put the pots away in some cool, dark place for roots to form before the plants are subjected to the influences of light and heat. Follow these rules and you will have success. Ignore them, and the result will probably be failure.

Falling hair is the result of varying conditions of the scalp or general system. If the hair is dry and the skin tight and unyielding, scalp massage and stimulant applications are necessary to strengthen the hair follicles and improve the circulation.

Never eat rich and greasy food if you have an oily complexion; eat plenty of fruit and wash the face in tepid water in which you have put a few drops of alcohol.

Cures Goitre



A well-known Cincinnati physician has discovered a remedy that cures Goitre, or Thick Neck. And to prove this he sends a free trial package so that patients may try and know positively that goitre can be cured. Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 263 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio; tell him your age, the size and location of your goitre and how long you have had it and he will be glad to send you free, a large trial package of his home cure, postpaid.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

When the Rain Falls.

When the rain falls with a steady drip, drop, and the little ones flatten their noses on the window pane, gazing mournfully at the gloomy aspect outside, there is need of a sunshine maker in the house so that it will be "perfectly lovely" all day long, until sleepy time chiming from the clock ends the fun.

I used to have little children, nine of them, and often it was like wading through the intricacies of a Chinese puzzle, trying to evolve new plans for keeping the wee folks busy and happy.

First of all comes the ubiquitous sand box. Anyone can have that by using the raw material at hand. Saw off the upper part of a box, one that is a yard square will be best; leave it about eight inches in depth; line the box with table oilcloth to prevent the sand from sifting through, then fill it two-thirds full of common sand.

Now hunt up your old seed catalogues, magazines and papers. If the children are not too small, let them cut out the various objects such as flowers, vegetables, houses, carts, carriages, people, etc., making distinct sets of each and placing them in large manila envelopes, the kind used for mailing pamphlets.

Each object must be pasted on something stiff—discarded calendars, tablet backs, or lids of boxes will answer every purpose.

Now there can be streets all over the sand box filled with houses of various kinds, a church, a town hall, with a round clock pasted on it, a small bit of looking glass or silver paper for the lake, horses and carriages in various parts, a market at one end with vegetables and fowl, and anything else fancy may suggest.

Another time there can be a flower garden, with beds of various shapes, triangles, circles, rectangles, etc.

The boys can have a zoological garden—paper cages containing wild beasts, pasteboard enclosures for deer, sheep, etc., trees for squirrels.

There is no end to the fun that can be had with the sand box, if used only on rainy days, one set of things at a time.

Children weary of sameness, so the cutting and pasting may be varied by a day or two of play.

You cannot imagine what delight they will take in adding to their stock of things.

With a little thought you can give the wee ones helpful ideas, that will render the sand box a joy forever, until they outgrow such simple pleasures, and even then they will gladly play with the babyest tots, not for their own amusement, oh no! they are too old for that, but from our own experience we can imagine a thing or two.—Household Guest.

Little Things.

Did you ever think how much the little things have to do with your personal appearance? I am not speaking now to the woman who is untidy with her hair, or content to wear a soiled dress. I am talking to the woman who is just a little hurried to put on her clothes properly. I once heard a man say, "The difference between country women and city women is that city women know how to get their waists and skirts together right." There is more truth than one would think in the remark, for by "country" women he did not mean those who live in the country, but only those who look awkward and ill dressed. With a little more pains those bunched skirt waists might be made to look neat and attractive. It is rather a nuisance to bend back as far as need be and pin the waist very securely to the bottom of the corset. There are apt to be pricked fingers and stubborn stays, but when it is done the skirt may be slipped over the waist with the comfortable feeling that there will be no loose folds in the back of the waist. The skirt may then be pinned to the waist



VIEW AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

without half the trouble that it requires when one expects the weight of the skirt to do all the holding down that is needed. The waist should be pinned in place before the petticoat is put on and then the outer skirt will be free from that roughness around the waist line where the blouse is tucked under the band.

It does take a little time to pick up a hand glass to see if the collar, which feels all right, is really pinned straight in the back, but it is time well spent, for half the time the comfortable collar is unevenly pinned. If it is folly to give one's whole attention to dress, it is also folly not to give enough time to make the best of whatever one may have in the way of clothing. Anyone would think it foolish to put a fine picture in a badly lighted room, but some women forget that it is just as foolish to neglect the little things which make any gown look its best.

The Importance of Ventilation.

Many people take fresh air in homeopathic doses.

The air of some apartments is a positive affront to educated nostrils.

Now, the more one exposes one's self to fresh air, the less the fear of draughts.

Air is life. The more air you get into your lungs the livelier you are.

It is impossible to get cold when you learn to breathe deeply.

Cold is congestion, anyway, and comes more from stuffing and coddling than it does from exposure to fresh air.

Did you ever stop to think that twenty-five years in the lives of the healthiest of us who reach three score and ten or more are spent in bed?

That means only eight hours out of the twenty-four—one-third of our existence.

For a quarter of a century, then, we lie helpless, unconscious, often in a room which is shared with another. Old and young, sick and well, decrepit and sound, lie side by side, exhaling deadly carbonic acid gas, inhaling—what? Whatever of the life-giving oxygen which churlish chinks and grudging windows may allow to creep in unmolested. Many of us do this. Those of us who huddle around the stove and swathe our throats in furs, our bodies in flannels, who stuff wadding into every window sash and shiver at an open door, do not shrink at stuffy bedrooms; and we sneeze, cough, snifle and gasp asthmatically in consequence thereof.

An error of a thousandth part of a second in an astronomical calculation would mean an error of 200,000,000,000 miles in the distance of a star



OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MILLING EXPERIENCE.

Flour Chat

Our history of "Millers for a Century" is a guarantee of having learned thoroughly **"HOW TO MAKE IT."**

In the brand "Ogilvie's Hungarian," the word Hungarian typifies the very best process of milling that the world has yet discovered. Every pound of Ogilvie's Flour is now made by the "Hungarian" process. In this you have **"HOW TO NAME IT."**

The Royal Coat of Arms against our signature is Royalty's endorsement of "Best Quality." They know. They use Ogilvie's flour from choice. It makes bread for the King's eating, as well as hundreds of thousands of his loyal subjects. This is **"HOW USERS LIKE IT."**

The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., Ltd.



BY ROYAL WARRANT MILLERS TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

MONEY MAKING EXTRAORDINARY
for large and small capitalists. Most genuine and wondrously profitable enterprise of this century. If interested and you have an idle dollar to invest where it will bring you \$50 or \$100 write to R. H. Cassens, 879 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Proverbs.

Wrath is cruel.
 Anger is outrageous.
 Iron sharpeneth iron.
 Love covereth all sins.
 Honor is not seemly for a fool.
 Boast not thyself of to-morrow.
 The righteous are bold as a lion.
 A flattering mouth worketh ruin.
 The bloodthirsty hate the upright.
 Hell and destruction are never full.
 Who is able to stand before envy?
 He that keepeth the law, happy is he.
 The kisses of an enemy are deceitful.
 Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain.
 Whoso walketh wisely shall be delivered.

Let her own works praise her in the gates.

A man of understanding holdeth his peace.

He that watereth shall be watered also himself.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself.

The upright shall have good things in his possession.

In the transgression of an evil man there is a snare.

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice.

If a ruler hearken to lies all his servants are wicked.

A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet.

The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces.

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in until afterward.

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.



A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

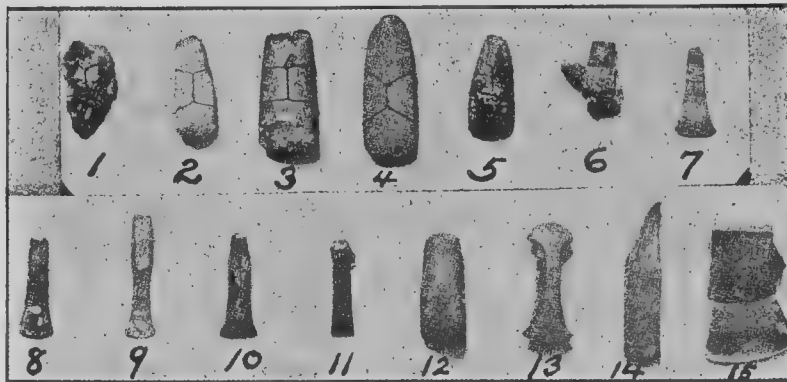
Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



I. SHOWING EVOLUTION OF THE AXE OF THE OLD WORLD; FROM PHOTO OF COLLECTION AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON.

The Evolution of the Axe.

By Dr. John Gifford.

Few of us realize the important part the axe has played in the development of civilization. Of all tools, it is the one of greatest usefulness and the one which we could afford the least to spare. In early times, when machines and tools were more precious, it was of greater importance, but even to-day the pioneer uses it in preference to other tools. With it he fells the forest and builds his home.

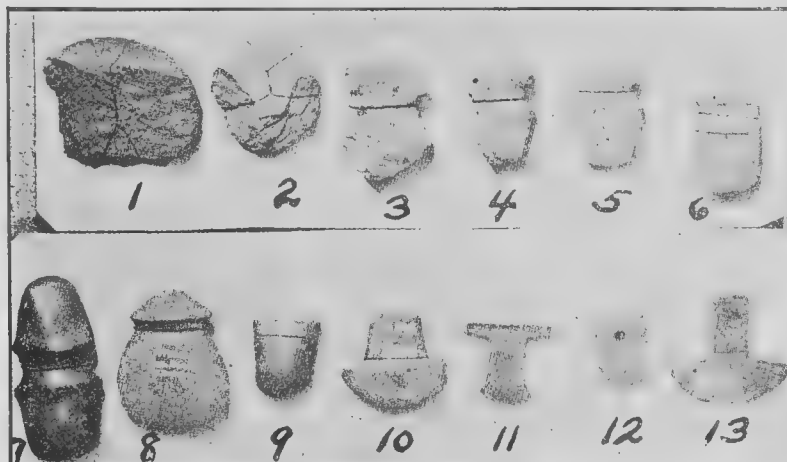
Few of us realize also the many changes in the axe from the rough stone hatchet of the savage to the perfected steel implement of to-day. No wonder the aborigines were unable to combat the forest, and no wonder civilization gained its greatest progress in the grain-yielding plains.

The savage in the forest of the tropics without this implement is barely

A good axe should be solid steel. It is said that hand-made axes tempered by the heat of natural gas are the best. It should have a curved blade with bulging faces; such an axe throws out the chips and does not stick. These carefully proportioned curves give to the American axe its great efficiency. A professor of art in Germany once said that a thing with artistic lines is usually the thing of greatest utility, and he gave as an illustration the American axe.

Illustrations I and II are from the collection in the Smithsonian Institution. Illustration I shows the evolution of the axe of the Old World.

Axe No. 1 is the earliest and simplest form of cutting implement known to have been made by man. It was roughly flaked from a nodule of flint; France. No. 2 is a cutting implement of flint shaped by chipping in Sweden. No. 3, of flint, shaped by chipping and



II. EVOLUTION OF THE AXE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN; FROM PHOTO OF COLLECTION AT SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON.

able to hold his own, and is little more than the hundreds of other animals and plants with which he struggles for a livelihood.

The axe had its beginning in a pounding implement of rough stone. It gradually developed into a tool with an edge for hacking and pole for pounding. Its efficiency was finally increased by the addition of a handle. It has remained a combined pounding and cutting implement up to the time of the manufacture of the double-bitted steel axe. A chopper goes into the woods to cut, and the larger the cutting edge at his disposal the better; but as a tool for general utility the double-bitted is inferior to the common single-bitted axe with curved hickory handle.

finished by grinding in Sweden. No. 4 was made of non-chippable material, pecked into form and then ground. No. 5, made of non-chippable material, pecked into form, ground, and then polished; the pole was roughened for insertion in a wooden handle; Switzerland. No. 6 is ground serpentine, fitted in staghorn socket for insertion in wooden handle. No. 7 is cast bronze, with blade and provision for insertion of wooden handle. No. 8, cast bronze, blade flat, with raised edges for insertion in wooden handle. No. 9, cast bronze, with wings and stop to aid in fixing handle. No. 10 cast bronze, with wide wings at sides and hook at upper end to aid in fixing handle. No. 11, cast bronze, socketed for insertion of handle; ring



III. SHOWING THREE GERMAN AND TWO AMERICAN AXES.

at side to aid in fixing handle. No. 12, stone, pecked into shape, ground, and drilled for insertion of handle; Sweden. No. 13, stone, pecked into shape, ground, and drilled for insertion of handle. No. 14, iron axe, with curved pole, used for cutting timber in Fusan, Korea. No. 15, modern American European chopping axe of iron and steel in use throughout the world.

Illustration II shows the evolution of the axe of the American Indian.

No. 1 is simply a broken stone, used for hacking and pounding. No. 2, stone, made from oval water-worn boulder, chipped from one side to a rude edge, possibly hafted; Virginia. No. 3, notched stone axe, fragment of rock chipped slightly on margins and notched for attachment of handle; Virginia. No. 4, ground stone, water-worn pebble of trap rock, pecked or battered into shape and then ground to an edge; pole used as a hammer; Rhode Island. No. 5, stone axe, grooved, of porphyry, pecked into shape, then ground; encircling groove with bordering ridges for attachment of handle; Massachusetts. No. 6, grooved stone axe; fine-grained stone ground all over; flat back, groove with bordering ridges for attachment of handle; Ohio. No. 7, grooved stone axe; two-edged, groove in middle, with bordering ridges, surface ground and part polished; Pennsylvania. No. 8, grooved stone axe, blade nearly round, ground all over, groove near pointed pole for attachment of handle; Costa Rica. No. 9, stone axe, squarish outline, polished all over, with notches in edges for attachment of handle, pole hollowed to fit handle above. No. 10, stone axe, semi-lunar blade, with tenon or stem for insertion of handle; Brazil. No. 11, copper axe, with winged pole for attachment by cords to handle; Cuzco, Peru. No. 12, stone axe, water-worn pebble, pecked and ground to edge, hole drilled through centre flatwise, pole squared and ground lengthwise for attachment of handle by cords; Bolivia. No. 13, copper axe, chopping-knife form, stem or pole perforated for attachment of handle; Peru.

Illustration III shows three typical modern German axes. These implements differ radically from the common American axe, but are not so clumsy and inefficient as they appear at first sight. For the purpose of comparison one single-bitted and a double-bitted American axe are included in the picture.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly, Western Canada's illustrated family journal. 50c. a year. Send in your name now and secure copy of the valuable premium—Farmer's Business Guide.



Discoverer of This Magic Compound That Grows Hair in a Single Night.

Trial Package Free

A trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes and restores the hair to its natural color. Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 254 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a Free trial package, duty free, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Hunting the Moose.



A writer in Collier's Weekly has an excellent article on Hunting the Moose. He says:

Among the representatives of the few species of big game left for the hunter's rifle, none is more highly prized by sportsmen than the moose, that antlered monarch of the northern forests. Its size and strength proclaim its superiority. To kill a moose and exhibit its head on hall or library wall, as evidence of expert sportsmanship, is the ambition of many but the achievement of few. For these animals, although great in bulk, and comparatively easy marks when within range, are exceedingly wary, and difficult to come up with. Furthermore, they are too far removed from the average city sportsman to make their pursuit a feasible undertaking to any but persons possessed of some wealth; and they are by no means over-plentiful.

The Dominion of Canada and the far Western States bordering the Dominion continue to yield a limited number of antlered herds annually.

The further north the stamping-grounds, the larger seem the specimens met with. The record heads in possession of American sportsmen today are of animals killed in Alaska. One of the largest of these is now the property of a gentleman of New York city; the spread of antlers is seventy-seven inches, and they were carried by a monster weighing something over fifteen hundred pounds, and standing over seven feet in height from fore-hoof tip to top of shoulder.

A more imposing head than that of the moose has been given by nature to no game animal. The great palmated antlers, tipped with sharp tines, surmount a massive head covered with coarse hair of a chocolate tinge, the great muscular neck supporting both head and antlers as easily and gracefully as though their composition were of papier mache. The eye is small and dark in color, and cruel and wicked in expression when its owner is angry. The long and awkwardly shaped nose, bulging with the series of air chambers which nature has wisely provided as a means of warming the icy air of the North before it shall have reached the lungs, and the pendant "bell" that adorns the throat, complete a head at once awe-inspiring and grand to look upon.

Next to his rifle, the chief essential to a moose hunters' success is an experienced guide. Few men not trained in the mysteries of woodcraft, and more or less familiar with the region hunted, can be sure of keeping their bearings in the vast forests through which wind the runaways of the moose or of ever sighting their game. Moose may be killed by tracking, still-hunting, or "calling," each of which method requires great patience and caution. Of the three, "calling" is, perhaps the most attractive and exciting. The calling is done through a birch-bark megaphone, which any guide, by the use of a clasp-knife, can construct within a few minutes' time. The sound thus produced is simply an imitation of the long, quavering call

uttered by the cow-moose during the mating season, when she desires an antlered consort. The artifice, as a rule, is resorted to at night, preferably with a full moon shining.

Perfect familiarity with the "moose language" is necessary, if the call is to be imitated successfully; for a bull moose is exceedingly circumspect and suspicious, and a poor imitation will alarm him as surely as a good one will allure him. As the long, mournful wail from the megaphone, preceded or followed by a series of short grunts, floats across the water and echoes and re-echoes along shore, the watchers wait in almost breathless silence for the answer that, should a bull be within hearing distance, is fairly sure to come very soon. If it does not come, the call is repeated at intervals. Sometimes the bull himself does the wooing, upon which occasion the hunter is in luck, for then the quarry, instead of the sportsman, is the hunter. A bull may be a mile or more away when he first responds to a call, and as the first hoarse, long-drawn bellow comes from the forest, the veteran hunter feels a premonitory thrill of excitement run through his whole body.

Perfect coolness and self-control become essential as the bull approaches, and at the critical moment, when he has been decoyed to the shore, or to the centre of a selected clearing, nerves must be steady and action prompt. Should the bull be lured thus far, his suspicions, as a rule, have been allayed, and he comes crashing through the saplings, intent only upon finding a mate. Into the clearing or up to the water's edge he stalks, sniffing the air, and perhaps throwing up his great head for a final bellow. Then is the crucial instant for the waiting sportsman. Should the first shot miss, the bull not infrequently, as though paralyzed with fear or charged with curiosity, will stand long enough for a second shot. If only wounded, he will wheel and plunge into the forest, travelling as far as his wound will permit him to go, on which latter event the hunter must wait for daylight to track his quarry.

Moose are not naturally of a belligerent disposition, although some sportsmen report having been attacked

by them, or having avoided an encounter, in the closed season only by discreetly withdrawing from the premises. Certain it is that no grander big game roam the forests to-day, and with the continued enforcement of protective game laws, the moose should afford rare sport for many years to come.

One on the Moose.

At the dinner party given in honor of General Horace Porter by the New York Republican club, Senator Manderson created the main diversion by telling the following story:

"There was once a Connecticut farmer who went up into Maine and captured a young bull moose. When he got it home he instinctively sought to make it a source of revenue. He built a fence and put a tent over it and hung out a sign explaining the rarity of the animal and advertising 'single admission, 10 cents; families, 25.' There came along a long, lean, lanky hill farmer, with a woman and twelve children behind him, and offered a quarter at the door.

"Looky here," said the showman. "Wait a bit. Is this all one family? Are these all yours?"

"They be," said the lanky one. "This be my wife, my only wife; and these be my twelve children, all twelve of them."

"The showman handed back the quarter.

"Pass in, my friend," he said earnestly, "pass in. It is far more important that the bull moose should see you than that you should see the bull moose!"

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, is the illustrated family paper of the West. It is of general service to all homes. 50c. secures it for a year and the serviceable premium—Farmer's Business Guide.

The Indians of Guiana have a curious system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is therefore "a hand and a first finger," seven a "hand and a second finger." Ten is "two hands"; but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is "a man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed by "two-men, a hand and a first finger."

Read the premium offers of The Western Home Monthly. They are the best values offering to-day.

The left lobe of the brain, governing the right side of the body, is known to be superior to the right lobe in its influence upon the bodily functions. Dr. Phelps, a recent investigator, insists that the left brain is also the intellectual half. He has studied nearly 300 cases of brain injury and disease, and has found that the right side may be severely injured without materially affecting the thinking powers.

The most of the Filipino people do not wear shoes and the consequence is their feet have soles on them that protect them from injury. It is not an unusual thing to find natives with the skin on the bottom of their feet one-eighth of an inch thick. Nature makes provision in cases of that kind, and they can walk all day long and they are never troubled with corns.

At birth a negro child is of a reddish-nut-brown color, which turns to a slate gray in the first week of the child's existence, and the black color is not developed for a period varying from one to three years.



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse.

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



Building west on the C. N. R. Town of Grandview in the distance.

Boys and Girls

Just a Little Bit of Baby.

Just a little bit of baby
Twenty pounds and nothing more,—
See him floor his giant daddy
Weight two hundred, six feet four.

Just a little bit of baby;
Any beauty? not a trace,—
See him stealing all the roses
From his lovely mother's face.

Just a little bit of baby,
Ignorant as he can be,—
See him puzzle all the sages
Of his learned family.

Just a little bit of baby,
Walking no, nor crawling, even,
See him lead a dozen grow-ups
To the very gate of heaven!
—Good Housekeeping.

Why the Duchess Tossed Lilian.

"Lem me give 'em some grass," said Lilian to Uncle Tom, as he pulled up and handed some to each of the "bovine beauties," as he called the cows at Bay Back Farm, standing by the fence that separated the garden from the orchard.

"All right. Do," and Uncle Tom stood aside while his pet niece, an Observer "Sunshiner," came nearer to the

though at first she began to "pet" them through the fence in the kindest spirit, when she saw them toss their heads impatiently, lower their horns, or paw the ground with one of their hoofs, she was pleased with their annoyance, and repeated and added to her manifestations of love for them. At first she had only stroked their faces; and the effect of her little velvet-like hand must have been only to tickle through their tough hides; and though I am sure that there were times when they would not have objected, that time was not while they were eating; but now she added various motions to her at first innocent ones, thrusting her hands through the fence suddenly, and near their eyes, causing them to draw back in momentary fear, and doing other similar things.

Pretty soon Aunt Anna came along, drawing the baby in his carriage. Seeing Lilian alone by the fence, for Uncle Tom had gone on about his work, she called out:

"Lollypop, what are you doing?"

"Oh, having lots of fun," replied Lilian, or Lollypop, this being one of her pet names in the family.

"You frighten the cows. It isn't kind—and besides they may hurt you."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't do anything to 'em, but I like to see 'em dodge."

"Well, turn about's fair play, and they may make you dodge."

"They can't climb fences."

Aunt Anna went on, and after a few minutes more Lilian quit her annoyances, but not until the Duchess, who was a very sensitive, nervous cow, a half-bred Jersey, had "sized her up," and determined to give her a lesson.

Duchess thought she could give Lilian an object lesson later, and one that would carry conviction with it. So when, a few days afterwards, she saw Lilian leave her Aunt Anna, and get over into the orchard to pick up some early apples, she quietly approached and bending her big head low, put her great horns under the little girl, lifting her much as a woman would with her arms, until Lilian was pretty well up in the air; then shook her a little (perhaps not very gently, but certainly not viciously), then dropped her on the grass, as much as to say: "Now we're even," and, tossing head and tail, galloped away among the trees, fully as much frightened as either Lilian or her Aunt Anna.

Was Lilian hurt? Not a great deal; a little tender for a few days where the hard horns pressed against the soft flesh; but the lesson was not lost which the Duchess so thoroughly impressed upon her, and that was that "Kindness to animals includes kindness at their meal-time."

How do the Observer "Sunshiners" treat their animals, and especially how are they helping make the feeding hour a pleasant one? Even the animal world may be made happier and more comfortable by a little thoughtful care.—N. Y. Observer.



CAMPING AT WARROAD.
The point where the C. N. R. touches the
Lake of the Woods.

being a partner or head of a great firm, or a great lawyer, doctor, or statesman. The prime ambition or aspiration should be to unfold evenly, and to let growth in character lead to excellence in all other things. No matter what business, or profession, or occupation, one is engaged in, he should aim to excel in it, and to reach its highest pinnacle. The love of excellence is the lodestar that leads the world onward. Nothing less than our best efforts will result in any lasting benefit to ourselves or to the community in which we live. It matters not if do not thereby reach our aim, for we will grow broader and higher and richer in experience and knowledge through the trying.

"Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, any other art," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "must



Watching for Papa.



The Man with the Hoe.



The Little Roughrider.



His First Pants.



The Friends.—Success.

opening in the fence, through which the clover tops, timothy, etc., had to be poked, when any one wanted to give the cows a specially tempting tid-bit, the grass in the orchard having become both short and dry.

Now, had Lilian been satisfied to do just that and nothing more, all would have been well; for the cows were generally gentle, well-behaved creatures, who responded to every kindness even if they did—and with almost human intelligence—resent the opposite treatment.

But Lilian was like many another little girl—"and boy?" Yes, and grown person—who cannot be content to keep still, even for the sake of adding comfort or happiness to another; and al-

The next day, finding the cows in the same place, at about the same hour (cows, like ourselves, are partly creatures of habit), and Uncle Tom feeding them, Lilian again put her hand through the fence to rub down their faces.

"Don't, Lilian," said Uncle Tom.

"They don't like it."

"Yes, they do; it doesn't hurt."

"Would you like to have some one do so to you, when you were eating?"

"I would if I was a cow."

"You don't know that, but any way you'd better stop before you get into trouble"—which Lilian thought it well now to do.

But cows ruminate (just look up that word), and I have no doubt that the

Relieving Pain.

To relieve pain after a burn, a compress of spirits of wine is most useful. Cover the burnt part with wadding, pour the spirits over this, and carefully wrap the whole with a piece of water proof material. Care must be taken in using the spirit, as it is very inflammable.

The Ambition that Elevates.

A recent issue of Success has the following:

"I would not give a fig," says Andrew Carnegie, "for the young man in business who does not already see himself the partner or the head of an important firm. Do not rest for a moment in your thoughts as a head clerk or foreman or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say, each, to yourself, 'My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams. Vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vow to distract your attention."

There is no doubt that a great many young men fail because they do not aim high enough, and a great many more do not succeed because they will not pay the price of success. They are not willing to dig, and stick, and save for it. Their ambition leads them no further than wishing,—it is not backed by effort.

It would be a paltry sort of ambition, however, and not at all, I am sure, what Mr. Carnegie had in mind, which would confine itself to the purpose of

bring all his mind to bear on that one object from the moment he rises until he goes to bed."

The advice of successful men, in any line, is always the same: "Concentrate, concentrate!" Give your undivided attention to that in which you desire to excel. Never waver in your purpose, but press onward as do the stars in their courses.

"We must aspire ever," said Clyde Fitch, the successful playwright, in a recent interview. "We must not rest on our laurels, no matter how hardy earned. We must go on. A dear friend of mine said to me, 'Oh, take it easy. Write one of your society plays a year. Enjoy yourself.' But work is my enjoyment."

The young men who "take it easy," enjoying themselves first, and working only when they feel like it, are never likely to do much good for themselves or any one else. That trait of character which Webster defined as "an eager desire for the attainment of something" must be present in every youth who would make himself supremely useful in the world. It is eager desire to obtain excellence in



THE WESTERN DEER ARE TAME.

After two months of captivity at Bear's Pass, on C. N. R.

Day and Night School. Individual Instruction. One Week's Trial Given.

THE NATIONAL Business College, LTD.
CAPITAL \$25,000.00
Desirable Business Positions Guaranteed to Graduates

Accounting, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping and all business subjects practically and thoroughly taught. Please call or write for free catalogue and other information to O'SULLIVAN & LOOS, Principals, cor. Main and Market Streets, WINNIPEG. Phone 1955

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

their work that makes men successful.

When David Haydole, the village blacksmith, was asked by a contractor to make two hammers for him somewhat better than those he had made for his men, he replied: "I can't make any better ones. When I make a thing I make it as well as I can, no matter whom it is for." It was the earnest purpose to make the best hammers that could be made that brought him profit, honor, and a world-wide reputation as the manufacturer of the celebrated "Maydole hammers."

"I wish to be Chateaubriand, or nothing," wrote Victor Hugo in his notebook, at the age of fourteen. Even long before, the child had his ideal, and ever, as the years advanced, it went upward and still upward.

When the late Horace Maynard entered Amherst College he nailed a large "V" over his door, so as to keep himself daily reminded that he must be prepared to deliver his class valedictory when the time should come. Needless to say, he was chosen for the honor.

If we do not look up and aspire to higher and better things, we shall make no progress, and progress is the law of nature. If we don't go upward, we go downward. "You can not, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are," says William Ellery Channing. The past and the present call on you to advance.

At Grandma's.

Grandma, with her eyes of blue
And pretty hair of gray,
Is still the same dear grandma,
So cheerful, bright and gay,
And grandma's house has lots of room,
Just right for girls like us,
Who like to play "go visiting,"
With merry-making fuss.

We take our broken dishes,
Our dustpan and our broom,
And hasten to the garret
To clean up our old room.
And when we have it fixed up,
And everything in place,
Up comes our Uncle Charlie,
With his jolly laughing face.

To ask if dinner's ready;
And if we answer, "Yes,"
He'll sit upon a block of wood
Quite patiently (I guess.)
While we bring in mud cake and pie;
Then after grace is said,
He stands up and pretends to cry
Because there is no bread.

Oh! those were jolly, jolly times,
At grandma's, long ago,
With romp and laugh, and merry jest,
The hours were never slow.
And grandma with her eyes of blue
And pretty hair of gray,
Is still the same dear grandma—
We're going there to-day!



KAKABEKA FALLS.

24 miles west of Port Arthur, on the C. N. R.

On Shaking Hands.

Did you ever stop to think about the custom of shaking hands, and wonder why it is that we always shake the right hand? Probably you have never thought about it at all, or, if you have, you think that the only reason for using your right hand is that you were taught not to use your left one, says the Buffalo Courier. In reality this custom, now so common, is a very ancient one, and it originated in this way:

In the days when people were not as peaceable as they now are, and when each man settled his quarrels in his own way, every man carried a sword or dagger to defend himself. This sword was worn on his left side, where the right hand could quickly grasp it for use in time of peril.

Therefore, when a man wished to show that he was friendly, he extended his right hand, which would be clasped by the other's right hand, if he, too, meant peace. Thus each could be sure that the other would not draw his sword.

With the dawn of more peaceful times the custom lost its one-time purpose, but it still retains its original meaning — to show friendship.

Young Old Women.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:—

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

MAKING MONEY !!

"A Guide to Full Pockets."

A large Illustrated Book, in colors, that tells how
ONE DOLLAR EARNED \$220.00

\$1,500 earned \$330,000 in 18 months in N. E. Paid in cash to shareholders. Business: Booming Prop. medicines. That's history—proof. Managed by Maine man of highest standing. Great ad-writer knows how to make money. Starting now with finest line new Chemical-Medical preparations. Wonderful cures. Want small share-holders to assist in business all over U. S. and Canada. One Dollar a share. Limited number to each person. Show our offer to your friends and get investment that will pay you from \$100 to \$1,000 without investing 1 cent. This is your chance. Book and particulars FREE. THE NUTRIOLA CO., Dept. U, 802 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



Fill out the slip inside this paper. Enclose it and Fifty Cents in the within envelope, and post it. The Western Home Monthly and the Business Guide will then be sent you.



The Western Home Monthly



Clubbing Offer

FOR 1903-1904.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star, for one year, together with their premiums,

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Free Press, Winnipeg, and their premium pictures.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Tribune, Winnipeg.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Telegram, Winnipeg.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Witness, Montreal.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Globe, Toronto.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Weekly Mail & Empire, Toronto.

ALL FOR \$1.25.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, until January 1st, 1905.

The Farmer's Business Guide, containing over 100 pages of reliable and appropriate forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business matters of the farm.

The Nor'-West Farmer and their premium, "Farmer's Handy Book,"

ALL FOR \$1.25.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

The Western Home Monthly

STOVEL BUILDING,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.





A town man sent word to his cousins in the country that he would be out Sunday to take dinner with them. Knowing that he was a crank on vic-tuals, the country cousins were in a quandary. "I'll fix it," said the wife. So when they were all seated at the table the farmer asked the visitor what piece of the chicken he preferred. "No chicken, thank you," he replied. "Will you have a cut of the roast beef?" the host asked. "Not any beef, if you please," he answered. "Allow me to help you to a slice of boiled ham." "Never eat ham," the town man replied. A small boy at the other end of the table, who was hungry and was noticing what was going on, chipped in and said: "Say, Paw, maybe the idiot will suck a raw egg."



I.

"So yer teacher says I've got to buy yer a globe for yer joggraphy lessons, eh? Well—all right."



II.

(Next day.) "Lucky I went into that sale. I've picked up this joggraphy globe cheap, I have."



III.

"Great Jim-jams! I've been swindled! There ain't ne'er a sign of Mud-dleton on the whole blessed thing!"

"Yes, sir," said the man with a frayed collar, "that land is worth \$1,800 a foot, and only a year ago I could have bought it for a song."

"But you couldn't sing, eh?" cackled the funny man.

The man with the frayed collar eyed him distantly, and haughtily replied, in cold, cutting tones:

"Oh, I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes!"

And the funny man looked as crushed as an overripe strawberry at the bottom of the basket.

See our clubbing offers. With The Western Home Monthly you can secure almost any other paper. Write us, stating what you want, and we will look after your interests.



STEEP ROCK LAKE.

In the very heart of the gold mining region, through which the C. N. R. runs.

Two brothers had reached the marriageable age, which is anywhere between 21 and death, and had gone back to the old home to spend their summer vacations. They had both been rolling stones, accumulating nothing of consequence, but enjoying everything their comfortable salaries could provide. The good little mother, proud of her boys and, like all mothers whose marital lots have been happy ones, wondered that neither boy had taken unto himself a helpmate. Addressing the older boy, she said, "Son, you are past thirty now, why don't you settle down, marry some good little woman and break yourself of your nomadic ways—you'll never know true happiness till you do so."

"Well, mother," answered he, "probably I shall some day, but just now I feel that I'd rather make a hundred girls happy than one miserable."

Turning to the other young bachelor she said, "And how about you, my boy?"

The younger boy had just returned from a recuperating stay on a western cattle range and was effervescent with the vernacular.

"Why, I hardly know, mother, answered he, "but if a rich heifer ever swings by me, I'll forefoot her."

And the conversation was changed to things less sacred.

An old farmer was once invited to a dinner, and, before sitting down, he reverently said grace, as was his invariable habit.

One of the young men at the table noticed this, and said sneeringly:

"That's not the new fashion; but I see you cling to the old-fashioned ways. I suppose in your place everyone says grace?"

"No," said the farmer, gravely, "not everyone."

"How is that?" inquired the young man. "If you are the master you ought to be able to have things as you order them."

"Well," said the farmer. "I have some pigs in my sties. They never say grace before their meals. I suppose they do things in the new-fashioned way."

"How much does dat big one weigh?" asked the stranger who was looking for a monument for his late spouse.

"Well," replied the marble man. "If it's weight you're after, I should say about a ton."

The widower thought a moment; then, turning to his friend, said:

"You reckon dat'll hold her down?"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Little Bertha asked for a pickle at dinner. Although warned that it was very sour, she ate it hastily. The result was that she puckered up her mouth and exclaimed:

"Doodness! 'At pickle made my mouth feel offul small! Can you hear me talkin'?"—The Child's Hour.

This old world hasn't time to stop
That it may learn your name;
It doesn't care a rap about
Your blue blood or your fame;
The only thing that this world cares
About concerning you
Is simply this one thing, to wit:
"Well, sir, what can you do?"

So don't waste time in hunting up
A useless pedigree;
And don't bewail the fact that you
Are not an LL. D.
But when the old world stops to ask:
"Well, sir, what can you do?"
Just roll your sleeves up elbow high
And say, "Now, I'll show you!"

Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution box.

Friend—What good is that?

Inventor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and all dollars, halves, quarters and dimes land on velvet; but the nickles and pennies drop on to a Chinese gong.

Biggs—I understand that you lost money on that chicken-raising experiment of yours.

Hoggs—Yes, I did; but I expect to get it all back again. I'm writing a book on how to raise chickens.—Judge.

Reduce Your Fat



but don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 1032, Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., for a free trial package of a treatment that will reduce your weight to normal without diet or drugs. The treatment is perfectly safe, natural and scientific. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.

Get a Big Lovely Dressed Doll FREE



Girls! do you want a lovely big Sleeping Doll, a beautifully dressed imported German beauty, nearly

1-2 YARD TALL

This lovely imported Doll is neatly and handsomely dressed in the very latest French doll fashion. Dolly is a beauty, prettier than any baby you ever saw; she has Bisque head, rosy cheeks, sleeping eyes, lovely long curly hair (dark or blonde), pearly teeth, fancy lace trimmed dress, fancy dress underwear, with hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete and stylishly dressed from head to shoes, an elegant and lovely doll, sweet and pretty as a rose in June, she shuts her eyes and goes to sleep as natural as baby herself.

Girls! now is your opportunity to obtain one of our lovely dolls before any other girl gets ahead of you, drop everything else and write to us, we are giving away hundreds of lovely dressed, jointed and sleeping dolls for selling only 15 packages of our Famous Marvel Washing Blue, the best bluing made, at 10 cents a package. Don't send any money. Order to-day, we will send Bluing by mail post-paid, you sell it at 10 cents a package, and with each package a certificate is given entitling customer to a valuable silverware present from us. Marvel Washing Blue, the great wash day help, sells in almost every house, you can sell the 15 packages in a few hours; when sold return us the money, \$1.50, and we will carefully pack and promptly forward to your address one of our handsome dolls. Note—We arrange to prepay all charges on your doll right to your address, so that you receive your lovely doll without cost, and besides the lovely large doll we also send you a beautiful little Bisque Baby Doll with lovely long hair and jointed body, you can put the baby doll to sleep with the large Mother Doll and have lots of fun, remember we send the two dolls for selling only the 15 packages, and we also send another lovely extra present if you are quick in replying.

We want every honest girl to write at once, we will treat you fair and right, and expect the same from you. Please understand, this is no catch-word scheme to deceive our little friends, but an honest proposition made in good faith, by a well-known reliable business firm to advertise our business. Don't delay, order the Marvel Washing Blue at once and be the first in your locality to receive these lovely presents. ADDRESS: MARVEL BLUING CO., DOLL DEPT., 802, Toronto, Ont.

DOLLY WIDE AWAKE LOOKING FOR ITS MAMMA.

delay, order the Marvel Washing Blue at once and be the first in your locality to receive these lovely presents. ADDRESS: MARVEL BLUING CO., DOLL DEPT., 802, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Bellman's Party

(Continued from page 4.)

after this interesting piece of information, that I could hear no more.

As lunch proceeded I was enjoying an interesting conversation with a young lady; "the first 'twang twang' warned us that the music would soon start again. "Come on," gasped a gallant swain, rushing up to my companion. Grasping her hand he tore off through the crowd, dragging her after him, and leaving me to nurse my wrath against an evil day. "We'll be too late," I heard him say as they vanished into a struggling mass of humanity.

The violins struck up a waltz and the rank and file of the company retired, mopping their faces and out of breath after an unusually vigorous set. The floor was comfortably filled for the waltz. Tommy Bellman had for



TOMMY AND THE TALLEST GIRL.

his partner the tallest girl in the room. He just reached to her shoulder, but he manfully did his part; his mouth, naturally large, was stretched still further across his face in a sort of dog-grin in which there was not the slightest suspicion of mirth; his countenance resembled that of one suffering great mental affliction. He waltzed with remarkable awkwardness, tearing through it at an alarming rate as if anxious to see the finish. He jostled in and out among the other couples or bumped unceremoniously up against the unsuspecting ones; tore back and forth across the room, swung like a whirlwind and would certainly have fallen ignominiously to the floor, had he not clung tenaciously to his partner who was at the same time a pillar of strength and a ship-load of ballast to him in his mad career. When he had trodden several times on his partner's feet she apologized for her clumsiness, whereupon he mustered sufficient courage to speak to her for the first and only time during the ordeal, and very gallantly requested her that

she would not mention it. As he led her to a seat he very solicitously enquired "Did you sweat?"

When three o'clock struck the less indulgent began to drop out and start for home. Gradually the company thinned and when the gray light of morning streamed in through the deeply frosted windows paling the light, already burning dim, all was silent. The short, stubby fiddler sat sleeping in his chair, his legs sprawled out, his fiddle held across his knees with his left hand, while with his right he still grasped the bow, one end resting on the floor. His head had fallen backward against the wall; his mouth had dropped open and at every breath he gave out most unmusical sounds. His companion was curled up on a table and ranged round the room and in the corner were a few of the men, the privileged guests, rolled up in fur coats waiting for the morrow, while some of the fair ones had been conducted to more private if no more comfortable quarters up-stairs.

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, is the illustrated family paper of the West. It is of general service to all homes. 50c. secures it for a year and the serviceable premium—Farmer's Business Guide.

There is no royal road to riches, and, in a business as big as mine, no back lane. My methods are open, and anybody can see them. A successful concern is created and maintained by the recognition of great facts and obvious principles—the growth of population and the increased facilities to intercommunication among men and nations. These are the great factors in forming great businesses. To supply the many instead of the few to handle large instead of small quantities, and to be the grower, the manufacturer, as well as the vendor and retailer—to do all this is to adopt, in short, a system of business obvious and open to all. If I proceed to speak of my own application of these principles, and of the individual qualities necessary to work them out in the details of business, I fear I must fall back on some very old saws. My receipt for prosperity, in such a concern as mine, is at the disposal of all. Here it is: "Work hard, deal honestly, be enterprising, exercise careful judgment, advertise freely but judiciously." Though he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, a captain of industry must live up to his name—must himself be industrious. That is my belief and it has been my practice all my life. Beginning work at an early age, I left Glasgow for New York, in the hope of finding shorter avenues to fortune than the old country afforded. I got experience, at any rate—in New York City, on a South Carolina plantation and elsewhere. I got a little purse together, too—enough to take me back to Glasgow and my parents, to better whose position was then the mainspring of my effort and ambition. "Never despair; keep pushing on," was my motto during all that time of struggle. No successes have been sweeter to me than those early ones which my parents shared with me.—Sir Thomas Lipton.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly, Western Canada's illustrated family journal. 50c. a year. Send in your name now and secure copy of the valuable premium—Farmer's Business Guide.

On one occasion Lord Wolseley's zeal for the welfare of his men got the better of his discretion. Dinner was being served to the soldiers, and orderlies hurried backward and forward with steaming pails of soup. Lord Wolseley stopped one of them. The man was at attention in a moment.

"Remove the lid!"
No sooner said than done.
"Let me taste it!"
"But, plaze yer—"
"Let me taste it, I say!" And taste he did. "Disgraceful! Tastes like nothing in the world but dish-water!"
"Plaze, yer honor," gasped the man, "and so it is!"—Chicago Chronicle.

Farmer's Business Guide

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS

—TO—

The Western Home Monthly

WHAT IT IS

THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE is being prepared by one of the ablest lawyers of the West, who has had considerable experience in Manitoba and the Territories along farm matters.

The object of THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE is to present to the farmers of the West appropriate and reliable forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business connected with their occupation.

THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will not attempt to make every man his own lawyer, but simply aid men to intelligence in their own affairs, and enable them to enjoy the benefits of the very best information to be had in the transaction of every day affairs.

Some of the forms to appear in THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE, are:

General Forms of Agreement for Ordinary Purposes.

Agreement for Employing Farm Labor.

Agreement for Work or Labor of Any Kind.

Contract for Sale of Live Stock. Contract for Sale of Grain, etc.

Cultivation of Land for Sale of Crop. Working the Farm on Shares.

Agreement for Private Road. Agreement for Line Fence.

Agreement for Sale of Land. Promissory Note Farms.

Lien Note Forms. Drafts, Cheques, etc.

Notice of Intention to Obtain Survey for Line Fences.

Guarantees in Sales of Live Stock, etc., etc.

Over 100 forms will be given in chapters in THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE, under the following heads: Agreements, Assignments, Affidavits, Arbitration, Bills of Sale, Bonds, Bank Checks, Drafts, Guarantees, Indorsements, Leases, Orders, Optional Agreements, Promissory Notes, Powers of Attorney, Receipts, Wills, and Business Letters, etc.

Every father requires THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE for his own information, and for the education of his sons. The Price of the Book is \$1.

OUR OFFER.

For a limited time THE FARMER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will be **Given Free**, postage paid, with THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to all paying fifty cents in advance. Send us 50c. and you secure the GUIDE and THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (in enlarged form) for the balance of 1903 and the whole of 1904.

This offer is the best that has ever been made by any paper in Western Canada.

Address all orders:

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
Stovel Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.



FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you post-paid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Magic Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the

sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 5124 Toronto.

When writing advertisements please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Garden and Flowers

Who Knows.

Ask the blossoms by your pathway
Why their petals love the dew;
Ask the birds why, in the sunshine,
They must sing. If they but knew,
Maybe I would know, and tell you
Why it is that I love you.

Were I but a little blossom,
Blooming where your eyes could see;
Or a bird, to fill the forest
With a rapturous song, and free;
Maybe I should cease to wonder
Why it is that you love me.

—Willard Grench.

The Highest Mountain.

An American exchange says: Mount McKinley, the highest mountain on the North American continent, was visited last season by Alfred H. Brooks and his party from the United States geological survey, of which Mr. D. L. Reaburn was topographer. As far as is known, this is the first time the slopes of the peak have been reached by white men, though in 1898 its altitude and moisture were determined from a distance by Robert Muldrow of the same survey.

This mountain is located near the western margin of the Alaskan range, the general name given to the large mountain mass which separates the Yukon and Kushokwim waters from Cook Inlet drainage. It is a great dome-shaped mountain formed of intrusive rock, towering to an elevation of over 20,000 feet above sea level. Though its summit reaches so high an altitude, almost four miles above tide, it probably is not as difficult of ascent as some other Alaskan mountains, for example, Mount St. Elias, because of its relatively high snow line. As the season was well advanced, as much of his itinerary had still to be carried out, and as it was no part of the original plan, Mr. Brooks did not attempt to pass the snow line, though this point was reached. Now that the location and height of the mountain have been established by the exploration of the geological survey, travellers and individual explorers will doubtless soon attempt to reach the summit.

Flowers of Prey.

A remarkable species of insects which simulate flowers, in order to deceive butterflies and other honey-seekers, is described in the current issue of the Scientific American. The insects are known to entomologists as Mantidæ. They masquerade sometimes as a pink and at others as a white orchid. The whole flower insect is either conspicuously white or of a resplendent pink color, and both in color and form perfectly imitates a flower. The lower or apparently interior petal of an orchidaceous blossom, the labellum, often of a very curious shape, is represented by the abdomen of the insect, while its posterior limbs represent the remaining petals of the flower. As the mantis rests, head downward, amid the stems and leaves of a plant, and the forelegs drawn in so that they cannot be seen, and the thorax raised, the insect might easily at first sight deceive more discriminating entomologists than the honey-seekers that settle upon it. Its specialty is alluring and capturing butterflies. The expected guest having arrived, the seeming feast spread out for his delectation arises and devours him. It is marvelous that insects should have such craft. They seem to know that the best way to attract their prey is to pretend to be something that their victims love. How many men have been brought to ruin by a similar device!

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly. 50c. per annum.

Grasshoppers.

There are not many boys and girls in the Canadian West who have seen clouds of grasshoppers. The "hopper" has done damage in the past to the crops of the settlers in our country; still, the visits have been few and far between. In the States they have been considerably troubled with the pest, and it is quite a problem with the authorities to know how to get rid of them. It is thought that now they have got on the right track. Attention was called to the fact that in South Africa native grass-

hoppers were dying of some kind of a plague. The disease was caused by a parasitic fungus. Some of the fungi were cultivated, and in a short time a large growth was obtained. Some of the fungus was brought to Washington, D.C., and bottles of it were sent out for experiment to a number of individuals and it was quite successful. It is hoped that destruction by the grasshopper may be checked by the "culture," as it is called.

The American "hopper" is only dangerous when it is one of a large army of millions, but there is one member of the grasshopper family that is a fearful thing alone. He is an independent fellow and travels alone, but is quite capable of taking care of himself, for

The Western Home Monthly, enlarged and improved, is the illustrated family paper of the West. It is of general service to all homes. 50c. secures it for a year and the serviceable premium—Farmer's Business Guide.

when full grown, he is 12 inches in length. When you look at the picture we give of this insect you will perhaps realize what damage an army of them would do.

This grasshopper is a native of Trinidad and the inhabitants of that island would suffer continually from famine or be driven from the land entirely if these 12-inch insects could muster a large army. Fortunately for the natives, the insect is attacked, before it is a year old, by

quite wonderful what rapid progress they make. After their wings are grown they fly in great swarms, going at the rate of two or even three hundred miles a day, when winds are favorable.

A grasshopper's eggs are laid in a little, conical hole dug in the ground, about twenty in a bunch, and so placed that when they are hatched the tiny "hoppers" can find their way out into the open air. The warmth and moisture of the earth softens the eggshell and in due time the baby insect makes its way out. It is enveloped with a thin veil-like substance, but this soon splits up the back and is kicked off with the hind feet. The little creature can only hop about at first, but presently its wings grow out, the size of these varying according to the species.

The farmers in the States have a number of ways of destroying the pests. They destroy the eggs before they are hatched and there is also a contrivance called a "hopper dozer" that makes it possible for them to get rid of many of the hatched insects. This is a large pan containing kerosene and it is drawn through an infested field by a horse. As it passes, the "hoppers" jump into it and are suffocated by the fumes from the oil.

The insects killed in this way are gathered up and used for chicken food. It is said that the government experts are trying to prove that grasshoppers, properly prepared, make an excellent food for human beings.

Recently another use has been found for the pests, which may in time bring into the country enough money to pay for the damages they have caused. It has been found that by distilling the juice pressed from grasshoppers with sulphuric acid a solution of formic acid is obtained. This acid has great commercial value, selling for sixty cents an ounce.

There are not so many different kinds of grasshoppers in America, but in Africa there are many species, some of which have very peculiar characteristics. There is one that looks for all the world like a little brown twig and its appearance has fooled many of its enemies and thus saved its life. Another looks like a little leaf, brown and sere, which might have just dropped off some dying tree. Even the veins and ribs of the leaf are distinctly seen, but the leaf itself is only a projection on the back of the grasshopper and the little body is what appears to be a curled up stem.

The Spider Tree.

Travelers who visited or passed the Cape Negro country of Africa often heard from the natives of a plant that was part spider, and that, growing, threw its legs about in continual struggles to escape. It was the good fortune of Dr. Welwitsch to discover the origin of the legend. Strolling along through a wind-swept tableland country he came upon a plant that rested low upon the ground, but had two enormous leaves that blew and twisted about in the wind like serpents—in fact, it looked, as the natives had said, like a gigantic spider.

Its stem was four feet across and but a foot high. It had but two leaves in reality, that were six or eight feet long, and split up by the wind so that they resembled ribbons. This is probably the most extraordinary tree ever known. It grows for nearly if not quite a century, but never upward beyond about a foot, simply expanding until it reaches the diameter given, looking in its adult state like a singular stool from ten to eighteen feet in circumference.

When the wind came rushing in from the sea, lifting the curious ribbon-like leaves and tossing them about, it almost seemed to the discoverer that the strange plant had suddenly become imbued with life and was struggling to escape. When a picture and description of the plant were sent to England it was discredited, but soon the plant itself was received, and now *Welwitschia mirabilis* is well known to botanists.

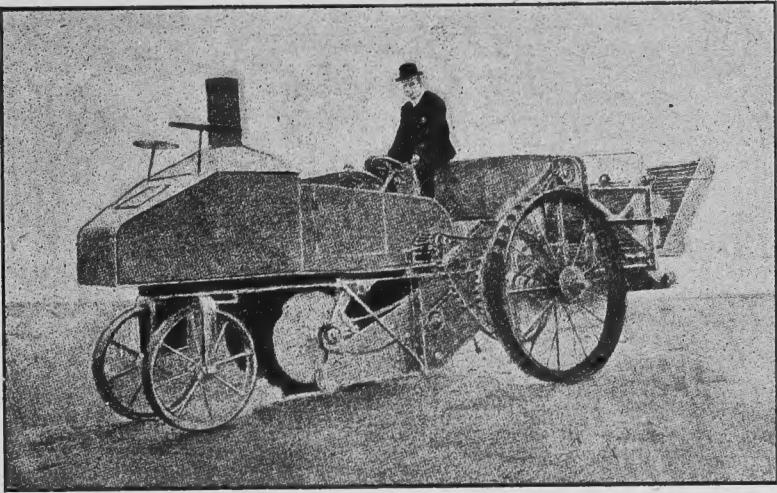
Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly. 50c. per annum.



parasites that generally kill it before it reaches its full size.

This creature has an enormous appetite, and is provided with a very large and strong pair of legs for jumping. It is said that he is able to jump over a fourteen-foot stream with very little exertion.

Before grasshoppers acquire wings they march, in great bodies, in search of food, and considering their size, it is



An English "Self-Moving" Potato Harvester.

A machine that attracted much attention at the late show of the Royal Agricultural Society was Moulton's self-moving potato harvester, as it is designated. The illustration and the following brief description were taken from the London Implement and Machinery Review:

"This machine is designed to dig, gather and deliver potatoes either into baskets or (if fitted with the firm's 'cart elevator') direct into a cart at one operation. The lifting-share is so set that it will lift a row of potatoes bodily, the loose earth escapes through an open grating, and the tubers are then carried to an inclined elevator, which conveys the potatoes to the riddles, from which they fall through a large hopper into baskets behind, unless it is desired to cart them direct. The necessary propelling power is derived from a 20-h.p. 'Simplex' balanced semi-rotary engine, a remarkably simple and economical motor which created a large amount of interest. Coke, coal, or any other kind fuel may be used, the steam being generated in an improved flash boiler of very simple and safe construction."

It Pays to Use Scales.

Every farm should have its scales and the farmer should use them. Experience proves that in marketing hay, grain, live stock, etc., one cannot always rely on the figures he must take from the dealer. Then, where he is feeding stock, he is running great risk if he does not weigh the amount of feed put into the lot, and determine the rate of grain the animals are making by weighing at least once a week. It pays, as many successful feeders know by experience, to know as soon as a loss in the rate of grain begins. It pays to know on what feed the animals do best, and to figure out the amount of profit. You cannot do this without a pair of good scales.

See our clubbing offers. With The Western Home Monthly you can secure almost any other paper. Write us, stating what you want, and we will look after your interests.

After you have made your rich brown gravy for the roast, and it is just ready to turn into the gravy-boat, add a couple of table-spoonfuls of thick, sweet cream. It will lighten the color, and what is more impart a most delicious flavor.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly—50c. per annum.

Old vs. Young Geraniums.

Some persons will tell you to throw away your old geraniums each season and grow new plants for next winter's use. "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Those who advocate this method certainly have not had the experience with geraniums which qualifies them to act as advisers. The fact is, no geranium is at its best before it is two or three years old. It takes it that length of time to develop. Young plants are good, as far as they go, but the trouble is, they don't go far enough. In other words, there isn't enough of them. A plant grown from the cutting in spring will, when winter comes, have but two or three branches as a general thing, if it has had its top pinched off. If it has not had this done most young plants will have nothing but one straight stalk. How many flowers can you expect from such a plant? But an old plant, which has been properly cut back, will have from ten to a score of branches, every one a growing, consequently, a flowering point. Such a plant alone is able to show you what the flowering possibilities of the geranium are. Imagine, if you can, the difference between a plant having one cluster of flowers and one having from ten to twenty, and you will begin to realize how much superior the older plant is to the younger one.—Flowers.

Sowing in the Grass.

Did you ever try sowing seed of portulacca, phlox, alyssum or pansy in the grass? If not, try it this fall and see if you are not pleased with the result. Snowdrops and crocus bulbs are best planted here and there, anywhere fancy dictates, one or two bulbs in a place. With a trowel raise a bit of sod, tuck the bulb in place, replace the sod and forget all about it until you are greeted by their cheerful faces peeping out of the tender green of the spring grass.

November is a very good month in which to plant hardy bulbs, such as hyacinths, tulips, crocuses and narcissus. Do not defer planting till winter, if you wish the best results. Late planting rarely proves satisfactory.

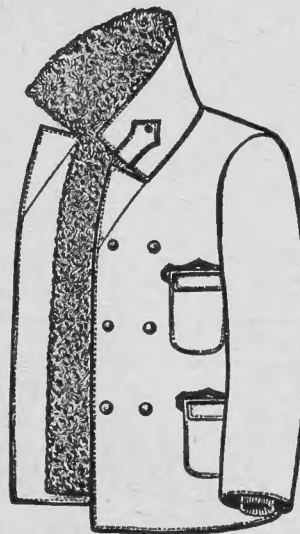
Pinto Shell Cordovan Mitts and Gloves



- Toughest wear, flexible, warm, light
 - Boil and scorch proof
 - Rip and tear proof
 - Rain and wind proof
 - That's what H.B.K. Pinto Shell Cordovan mitts and gloves are
 - Made from the hide of the Western Bronco, the toughest animal with the toughest hide, light enough to make mitts and gloves.
 - Sold by dealers everywhere.
- Genuine only with this brand.

H.B.K.
BRAND

Write for "Strayed," the funniest piece of literature ever written about a Bronco—Free



H. B. K. Warm Duck Coats

H.B.K. Duck Coats are warm, hard wearing garments. They are made in scores of styles—fleece lined, mackinaw wool lined, leather reversible—high storm collars, large "Kantilever" unsagable pockets.

Made to keep out the wind and the cold, the rain and the sleet. Made to keep people warm Branded with this brand. Sold by up-to-date dealers everywhere.

H.B.K.
BRAND

Hudson Bay Knitting Co.

MONTREAL.

WINNIPEG.

MAKERS OF WARM WEARABLES FOR EVERYBODY



INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

Puzzle Column
For Old and Young

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the December issue.

Puzzles.

1. Why is the letter k like a pig's tail?
2. Diamond—
 - 1 In Canada.
 - 2 A forest tree.
 - 3 Unspotted or pure.
 - 4 The queen of the prairies.
 - 5 In Canada.
3. What is smaller than a cat's mouth?
4. The beginning of eternity, the end of time and the end of every place.
5. Join a pronoun and a preposition and get something we eat at dinner.

Answers to Puzzles in October Issue.

1. Diamond—

c
d o t
c o v e r
t e a
r
 2. Matchless.
 3. Western Home Monthly. The five words,—Morn, stern, hew, holy, ten,—transposed form the name of Western Canada's illustrated family paper.
 4. Stone.
 5. A pack of cards.
- The following answer was omitted in October issue:
5. When it has a hole.

Prize Winner.

Jemima Hermiston, East Bay.

A Game for the Little Ones.

It is called the "Flower Verse" game, and any number of children can join in the play.

Two of the children should first of all be chosen to stand opposite each other and raise their joined hands. The remainder must then form a line, one behind the other, and pass underneath the hands, while all keep saying or singing:

"We're looking about for a daisy,
A daisy, a daisy,
We're looking about for a daisy,
We've found one here."

At the word "here" the raised arms come down and enclose the head of the child who happens, at that moment, to be passing underneath their hands. Then all sing:

"We find one here; we find one here;
We're looking about for a daisy,
And find one here."

"Daisy now takes the place of one of the children who caught him or her, and then calls out, say, "Buttercup." All must then remember that "buttercup" instead of "daisy" is the word, and thus say or sing:

"We're looking about for a buttercup,
A buttercup, a buttercup," etc.

The leader may hold a bouquet, and give to each child the flower chosen.

The next child, "Buttercup," being duly "found," he or she takes the place of "Daisy," and the child who has held that place goes into the ring. The newcomer calls out the name of a different flower each time, like pansy, bluebell or marigold. Each child must try to be ready with the name of some favorite flower, and the game may close when each child's flower has been found.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly. 50c. per annum.

The Game of Kate.

Young people, says the National Rural, will find the following a pleasant and easy way to entertain their friends at an evening or afternoon party. Write the questions neatly on a sheet of paper. If the small lead pencils can be had, tie one to each slip of paper with a pretty bit of ribbon; it will make a nice souvenir for your guests to carry away with them.

Allow half an hour or longer, if necessary, to guess and write the answers.

Have some one read the correct answers, each guest marking his own paper; the one guessing the most may be given a small prize.

1. Kate is dainty, frail and gentle. Delicate.
2. Kate never tells the exact truth. Prevaricate.
3. Kate has the gift of prophecy. Prognosticate.
4. Kate imparts much information. Educate.
5. Kate is an eloquent pleader. Advocate.
6. Kate resigns her honors to others. Abdicate.
7. Kate entirely destroys what she does not approve. Eradicate.
8. Kate takes up her residence with you. Locate.
9. Kate helps people out of their difficulties. Extricate.
10. Kate lives far away from cities and sounds. Rusticate.
11. Kate will die if deprived of air. Suffocate.
12. Kate kindly points out the way. Indicate.
13. Kate seizes and appropriates your property. Confiscate.
14. Kate has a twin sister exactly like herself. Duplicate.
15. Kate promotes digestion. Masticate.
16. Kate uses drugs. Medicate.
17. Kate assists things to run smoothly. Lubricate.
18. Kate separates in two divisions. Bifurcate.
19. Kate dries fish and fruit for household uses. Dessicate.
20. Kate has a strong influence for evil. Intoxicate.

A Parlor Jungle Game.

The parlor jungle game is as simple to play as it is fascinating. The boy or girl entertaining friends arranges a number of slips on which are names; which rhyme with those of animals. These are hidden in all sorts of out-of-the-way places and the search begins by the hunters in the jungle.

Instead of carrying guns, swords or spears, they are armed with pencil and paper. At each discovery they write down the name they guess to be the one meant alongside of the one on the slip, returning the discovered slip to a large bowl or box placed on the table for this purpose. When the search is finally abandoned count is made, and the one having the greatest number of correct guesses wins a prize.

In order that no favoritism can be shown the list of names and the rhyming of animals is prepared beforehand and brought out to prove the accuracy of the guesses. Thus though cat rhymes with mat, the animal chosen by the game-maker might be rat, therefore the one guessing cat would lose. Many little catches like this where dog and hog, men and hen, goat and shoat, etc., are confused, add to the excitement. As the list can be changed every time the game is played, the pleasure of it is naturally enhanced.

My Mother's Garden.

The summer gardens are fair today,
But still my thoughts will drift away,
From their fragrant blossoms of varied hue,
To the dear old garden my boyhood knew;
I can close my eyes and see it yet,
With the old-time blossoms in beauty set,
I can hear the music of bird and bee,
And this is the picture that comes to me:

Fragrant Lilies and Hollyhocks,
Bluebells, Monkshood, and Four-o'clocks,
Larkspur and Morning-glories show,
And Tiger Lilies in stately row,
And the honeysuckle that used to climb
Above the window in summer-time;
The Roses crowding each thorny bush,
The old, old red ones, the white and blush,
None more worthy of words of praise
Mid their regal sisters of later days.

The hands that tended those blooms I know
Were done with earth's labor's long ago,
And the eyes that watched their growth with pride
Gaze in the gardens beyond the tide,
On never fading flowers that expand
In the light of God's beautiful summer-land.

Oh, the summer gardens are fair to-day,
But still my thoughts will drift away
To the fragrant blossoms of varied hue
In the dear old garden my boyhood knew
—Home and Flowers.

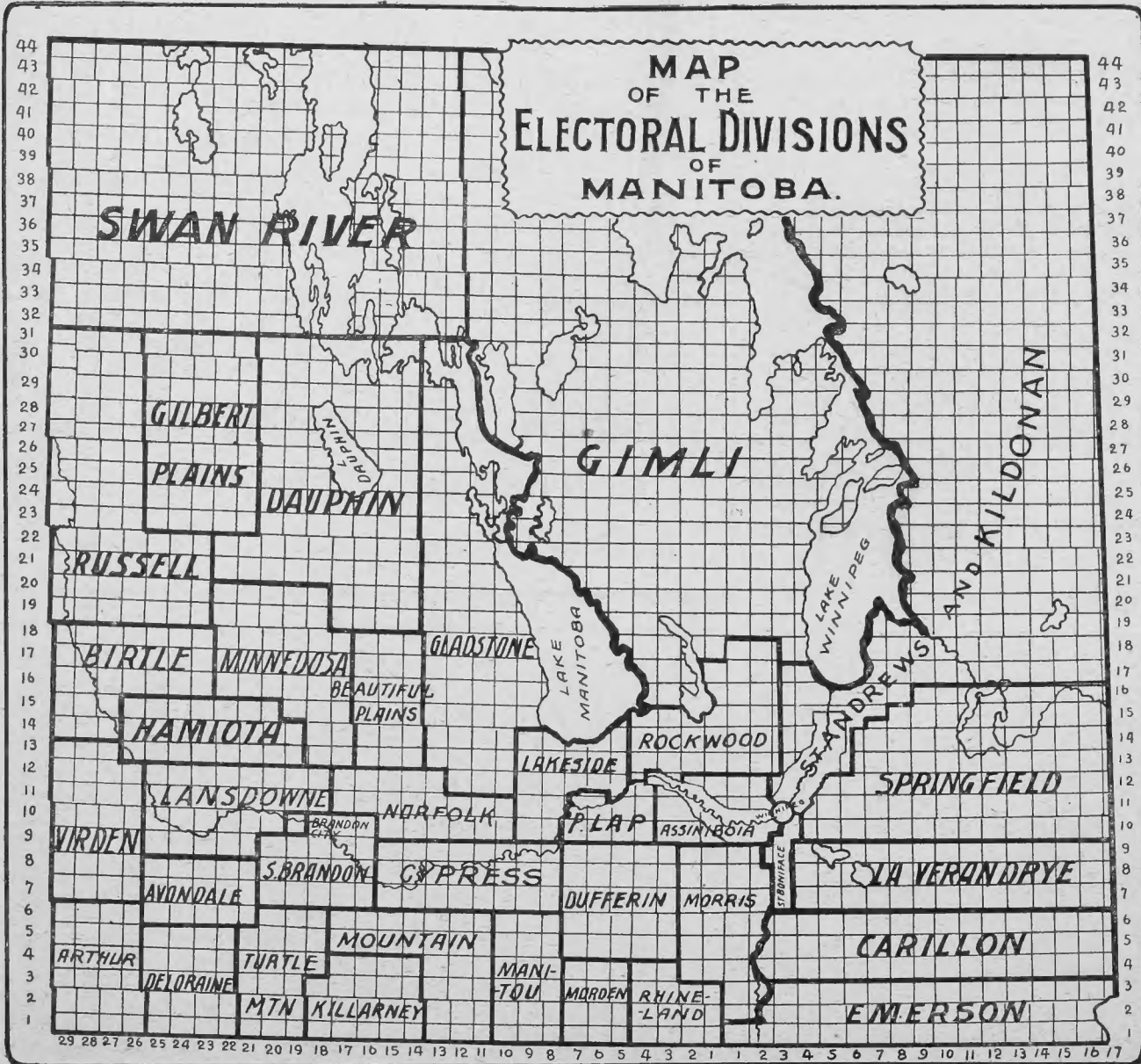
For winter blooming choose Roman hyacinths of large size. The flowers will be much finer than from ordinary fair sized bulbs.

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH
FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25c. each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with rose and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address: THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 12c Toronto.



When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



The above map gives the Electoral Divisions as made at the last session of the Manitoba Legislature.

Have You Read It?

Dr. McLaughlin's Book IT IS FREE—SEND FOR IT TO-DAY

I have a book which tells all about the signs of decay in men, how they are caused, how they first appear, the way the vital power is wasted, and how all these troubles are cured by electricity. It inspires a man with a desire to be "a man all over." It is full of things a man likes to read.



If you are weak I want to help you. I want to show you the way to future happiness, and I offer you, free, my beautiful book, illustrated with photographs of fully developed men, showing how

men begin to break down as the result of overwork and dissipation, and how they recover in a week's application of electricity. This book contains a lot of information for men which explains many points they want to know. It is written in plain language, and the illustrations are of the highest type of art, showing the best developed specimens of manly strength. No man who feels any doubt as to his physical powers should be without this book. I send it, closely sealed, without marks, free, upon application.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

has restored health and strength to thousands of weak men. If used as I direct, it is a positive cure and cannot fail. It gives the vitalizing power of electricity, without burning or blistering, to every weakened part, developing manhood. It removes all the effects of indiscretions or excesses forever. I want every weak man who is not the man he should be to use one of my Belts, and, when he is cured, tell his friends of its wonderful effects.

\$1,000 IN GOLD IS MY OFFER.

I have perfected a new Belt, and I want a test case of Rheumatism, Pains in the Back, Weak Kidneys, Sciatica, Lumbago, Varicocele, Prostate Trouble, Torpid Liver, Indigestion or Dyspepsia, and I will pay \$1,000 for any case that my Belt will not relieve in one month's use according to my directions. This is especially directed to those who have doctored without benefits.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S OFFER.

The proposition I make is a fair one, and should remove all doubts as to its ability to cure all forms of weakness in **MEN AND WOMEN**. I take all the chances myself. If I fail, all you lose is the time you took in putting the Belt on, that is, about five minutes each night. I don't ask you to try it one month, or two months, but long enough to cure you. After I have cured you then you can pay me. Give me reasonable security and you

PAY WHEN CURED.

READ WITH CARE! Every patient wearing Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt receives FREE, until cured, the advice of a physician who understands his case. Positively the only Electric Appliances sold where a regular physician is in attendance

FREE BOOK. If you cannot call, write at once for this descriptive book showing how my Belts are used. It explains my method thoroughly of curing weakness in men and women, also gives you prices. Do not delay, but send for it at once. **I HAVE A BOOK ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN.**

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.

OFFICE HOURS:—9 A.M. TO 6 P.M. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY TO 8.30 P.M.

You Want Good Cattle
You Want Good Horses
You Want Good Sheep
You Want Good Swine
You Want Good Poultry

in short . . .

You Want
The Best Stock

Then Use

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

and have the very best.

It is a question of plain, simple, cold, hard, business for you to use CARNEFAC. In fattening stock it will add dollars to your profits. That fact has been proven times without number. Here is what the first prize winner at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition of 1903 says:

Arden, Man., Aug. 26th, 1903.

The Carnefac Stock Food Co.,

Dear Sirs—I fed the Poll Angus Grade Calf that won first prize at the Winnipeg Exhibition held last July, on your Stock Food. I do not think I could have made such gain without its use. At the age of from five to six months old he made a daily gain of five pounds. Yours truly,

W. J. HISCOCK.

The calf was born after January 1st, and on July 17th weighed 773 pounds.

CARNEFAC Poultry Food

does for Poultry what Stock Food
does for Stock.

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD COMPANY

Winnipeg. Toronto.

When writing advertisers mention Western Home Monthly.

Farmers' Wives Boys and Girls

Write the Royal Crown Company, Winnipeg, for their special offers in the way of prizes for soap wrappers.



PICTURES and BOOKS FREE.

for soap wrappers. Save the soap wrappers, and after deciding upon what prize you want, send them to the Royal Crown Co., Winnipeg, and receive a handsome premium. The more wrappers you have the better present you get. Start saving the wrappers at once, and for information write to :: :: ::

The Royal Crown Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Prompt
Mail Order
Service.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The Great Stores
of the Great West.

INCORPORATED
A.D. 1670.

Catalogues
Free
for the Asking.

Remarkable Values!

\$5.00 Skirt -- \$5.00.

A lady's dress skirt of Black Cheviot, as per illustration herewith, unlined. Lengths, 38 to 43. These are made in our own factory, and you will not equal the quality of material or the style of garment anywhere. These are genuine high class Hudson's Bay quality. Allow extra for express charges. 5 lb. when packed.



\$5.50. -- Men's Overcoats. -- \$7.50.

The Manitoba

Sizes, 36 to 44 inches. A double-breasted Ulster, made of heavy Canadian frieze. Extra high storm collar; warmly lined with good tweed.

\$5.50.

Allow extra for express charges, 8 lb. when packed.

The Life Guard

Sizes, 35 to 46 inches. A splendid storm Ulster of Canadian frieze of excellent quality; all double stitched edges; heavy tweed linings; large blizzard collar; made in Oxford greys and dark colored mixtures.

\$7.50.

\$1.00 Men's Nightgowns.

FLANNELETTE.

These are without doubt the finest Men's Nightgowns ever offered for less than \$1.50. Every customer is satisfied. Extra full length and width in stripes or checks and in all sizes. \$1.00.

Postage extra, 16 cents.



Address all Orders and Communications: Mail Order Section, HUDSON'S BAY STORES, Winnipeg, Manitoba

When writing advertisers mention Western Home Monthly.

Hockey Skates Free!



One Good Pair to Each Boy or Girl

sending us, before December 1st, 1903, 300 Blue Ribbon Bows (trade marks) off Blue Ribbon Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, etc. For 200 Bows a fine cloth bound Book or Pearl Neck-lace; for 100 Bows a good Jack Knife or cloth bound Book; for 50 Bows a pure silk Hair Ribbon. Ask your friends for Blue Ribbon Bows, and send them soon to

BLUE RIBBON MANUFACTURING CO.
89 King Street, WINNIPEG.

When writing advertisers mention Western Home Monthly.

'Tis the Kidneys

When there is a puffiness under the eyes it is a certain indication the Kidneys are not working properly. There is danger in neglect, and the trouble should be immediately corrected. The most effective remedy is

GIN PILLS

For they act at once and do their work most thoroughly. All druggists. 50c. per box; 6 boxes for \$2.50, or direct from

THE BOLE DRUG CO.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

YOUR
MONEY
BACK IF
GIN PILLS
DO NOT
CURE

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



Watches

OF ALL GRADES

Watches

FOR ALL PEOPLE

We are at the present time offering **Watches at Very Low Figures**, lower than they have been sold for years. Still a reduction does not mean an inferior article, for the same **Guarantee** goes with a Watch at \$800 as is given with one at a lower price.

Our Reputation depends on the value we give, and **Watches** sold by us if not satisfactory **will be exchanged or money refunded.**

Our **SPECIAL FOR THIS MONTH** is a Ladies' 26-year Gold filled Hunting Case, with a Waltham Movement, at **\$13.50.**

D. R. Dingwall, Ltd.

424 AND 584 MAIN ST

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

SIGN OF THE STREET CLOCK.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Advertise in THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY